The Outlook

OCTOBER 17, 1923

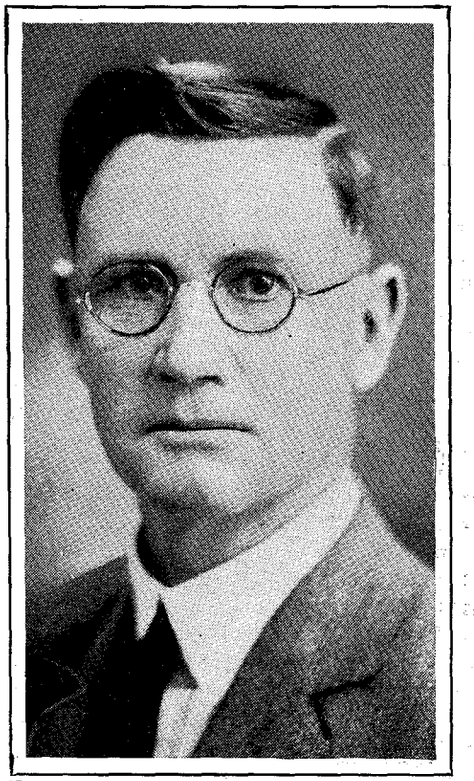
THE PEOPLE STILL RULE

THE result of the referendum vote in Oklahoma on October 2 was an emphatic indication that the people of that State do not propose to be ruled by either martial law or invisible empire. The election was quiet and bloodless. There was a majority of almost four to one in favor of allowing the Legislature to call itself together in special session, and such a call was issued for October 17. Governor Walton has issued a call of his own for a special session to begin October 11. It was thought that no quorum of the two houses could be got together until the later date, as a majority of the members were expected to ignore the Governor's call.

Governor Walton's call denotes the purpose of *his* extra session to be "for the purpose of the enactment of a law to protect the people from masked and lawless marauders and secret organizations." The anti-Walton faction announce that *their* extra session is for the purpose of impeaching the Governor for despotism. Mr. McBee, leader of the anti-Walton forces, describes the gross abuses charged against the Governor as being "his effort to set up a super-Government, the placing of the big cities of the State under martial law, the wholesale pardoning and paroling of desperate criminals, extravagance in the handling of State finances, and the employment of hundreds of gunmen as State deputies."

Evidence accumulates that by no means all of the hostility toward Governor Walton comes from the Ku Klux Klan. For instance, he lately scored four newspapers as responsible for the recent troubles. Three of those papers have positively declared their opposition to the Klan; one of them has repeatedly called on the Klan to unmask, has denounced religious and racial bigotry, and has said that the only question is, Democracy or dictatorship? Another has used day by day the slogan, "We want neither Klan nor king." The third says it has consistently and unfalteringly condemned the Klan from its start.

If it is true that the courts cannot be trusted to try charges of Klan violence, as the Governor asserts, what is needed is not soldiers but the light of public sentiment and common sense. Oklahoma has had its full of excitement and appeals for "direct action;" what its people really want is a return to law, order, and representative government.



Keystone

W. D. McBEE, LEADER OF THE GROUP OF OKLAHOMA LEGISLATORS WHO OPPOSE GOVERNOR WALTON

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE PHILIPPINE ELECTION

THE Manila election, which was hailed generally as a test of the Filipino sentiment toward American control in the person of Governor-General Wood, leaves the Philippine situation about where it was before the battle of ballots of October 2.

The campaign developed out of the necessity of filling a vacancy in the insular Senate. Both sides took it to be a trial of strength between the Wood administration and the advocates of uncontrolled Filipino supremacy in the government of the Philippines.

The anti-Wood candidate who emerged victor had behind him the anti-American party formed by the coalition of the Nacionalista and Collectivista parties. As Mayor of Manila, Ramon Fernandez had precipitated the struggle between Wood and the advocates of Filipino freedom when he resigned July 17th to protest against what he claimed was an illegal extension of the Governor-General's powers. This was caused by General Wood going over his head in reinstating an American official dismissed by Fernandez after a Filipino court had cleared the accused man. The action of the Governor-General was followed by the wholesale Filipino resignations in the Cabinet and Council of State, and this led to the present tension in the islands.

The analysis of the vote shows that the pro-American party, the Democratas, polled 42 per cent of the total votes cast. This strong showing in the face of a fusion of the two dominant parties in Filipino politics has surprised observers of the Philippine situation. The Democrata party, leaning toward American control for the time being, has been an innocuous political quantity for the past decade. Moreover, the success of the Nacionalista-Collectivista coalition was achieved by the use of Tammany tactics at the polls which the Democrata party has decided to challenge. After a mass-meeting of the Democrata supporters that overflowed the Olympic Stadium, the popular protest against the Quezon-Osmeña-Roxas political machine turned itself into mobbing the rival leaders. Other elections are looming; the probability of more disorder with the fanning of party feeling has to be taken into account. The real judgment of the people, therefore, is to be awaited. Quezon's declaration to the effect that "it will not be betraying any secret here if I say that our object is to reduce the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands to a mere figurehead" has not yet been indorsed as the whole sentiment of the Filipinos.

The undercurrents of the Philippine situation are serious. Whatever the election returns may bring, the fact remains that the American administration of the Filipinos is under bitter attack. The withdrawal of the hostile Filipino leaders from participation in the executive departments of the insular Government was but the first

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step in a far-reaching plan of embarrassment. The intention of the anti-American forces in control of the insular Senate and House of Representatives has been clearly evidenced in the development of independence tactics by the rejection of all co-operation with the executive. Quezon has declared that the Legislature will deal with the budget "as it deems proper without regard to Governor-General Wood's instructions." Then there is the deliberate forcing of the American issue into all political issues. As Osmeña puts it: "These liberties we defend are the only ones left us. We all know where we came from. We came from revolution, and if in terms of peace we cannot settle this question peacefully, I believe we will go back to those days of 1896."

So the leaders of the Philippines-for-the-Filipinos movement frankly declare war on American control which is anything more than the benevolent protection of the prestige of the United States. In the meantime the Moros talk in the south of a little revolution of their own if the Filipinos get a free rein; a million men are reported out of employment in the islands; business is bad; and Governor-General Wood says that the Philippine National Bank is losing 600,000 pesos a year.

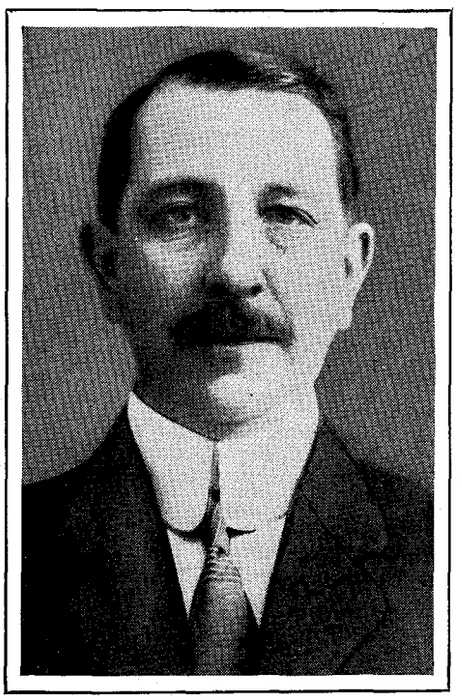
A CONTACT MAN

ONE of the qualifications of any man who deals directly with the disabled Canadian veterans on behalf of the Government is, as Stanley Frost points out in his article in this issue, that he must have served overseas. There is some knowledge that can come only through experience; and the knowledge that fits a man for dealing with the veteran of a great war can have come only through experience in the fraternity of common peril in the presence of the enemy. Fortunately, Canada has not only such men as subordinates in the service of her veterans, but one such man at the head of the service.

Dr. H. S. Beland, Minister of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment, has something more than sympathy for the ex-soldier. He has had an experience which in hardship and poignancy the experience of few of those whom he serves can equal. When the war broke out, he was in Belgium. Soon after the opening of hostilities he was taken prisoner by the Germans. For a period of approximately three years he was in a German jail. During this time his wife, who was a Belgian lady, and was allowed to remain under surveillance in her home in occupied Belgium, became ill. Although in order to see her it would not have been necessary for Dr. Beland to leave German jurisdiction, he was not permitted to visit her. While he was detained in jail she died. Any veteran who has suffered injury as a result of war service can have no doubt that the Minister at the head of the Government's department responsible for his rehabilitation has an understanding of his needs and of his point of view which is impossible to the ordinary civilian or even to the military man who has not suffered at the hands of the enemy.

That Dr. Beland has other qualifications for administrative office is indicated by the fact that before the war he was for a while Postmaster-General. That he knows something about the practical handling of public affairs is indicated by the fact that he has been in politics for twenty-five years. But he has more than the qualifications of a politician and an administrator; he has the qualification which Canada requires of every contact man in the service—experience overseas.

ROOSEVELT'S Birthday, October 27, is, by proclamation of the President, also Navy Day. Next week we shall print two unusual articles — one picturing in terms of personal experience Roosevelt the lover of combat and the other describing the relation of the airplane to the Navy.



DR. H. S. BELAND, MINISTER OF THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT OF SOLDIERS' CIVIL RE-ESTABLISHMENT

"RATHER AN EXPERIENCE"

A HERO is rarely a hero to himself. Probably no one outside of his own family has been so surprised to find that he is a hero as Commander Samuel Robinson, R.N.R. He has admitted that the circumstances under which he acted were extraordinary, that he had never seen anything so terrifying in his life. Nevertheless he seems to have been surprised that people have acclaimed him for conduct which saved four thousand lives.

The utmost that he has been induced to say in characterizing what he did is: "It was rather an experience."

Most readers of this can recall an account we printed two weeks ago of the experience of a passenger on board the steamship Empress of Australia after the earthquake at Yokohama. Commander Robinson is the captain of that steamship, and it was he who was responsible for management in the midst of that unimaginable terror that not only brought those on board through it all in safety but rescued many others. Of course Captain Robinson is proud, and he frankly acknowledges it. "I am proud of the way in which the officers and crew without exception came through the ordeal," he has said, adding, "All orders were carried out efficiently and promptly." Of himself he has, so far as we know, not been induced to say very much. In an interview in the Vancouver "Daily World" on his return he replied to a question concerning his experience: "Really, you know, the people over here are acting most peculiarly about the whole matter. They seem to have gone stark, staring mad about it. Why, I was expecting to have to explain the delay in leaving Yokohama."

It is true Captain Robinson gave a long description of what happened. We wish we had space to quote it all. But it is only of what he saw that he told, not of what he did.

As he said in a speech which he was called upon to make in Vancouver:

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ALL TORMENT, TROUBLE, WONDER

(The Tempest, Act V, Scene 1)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

LOADED?

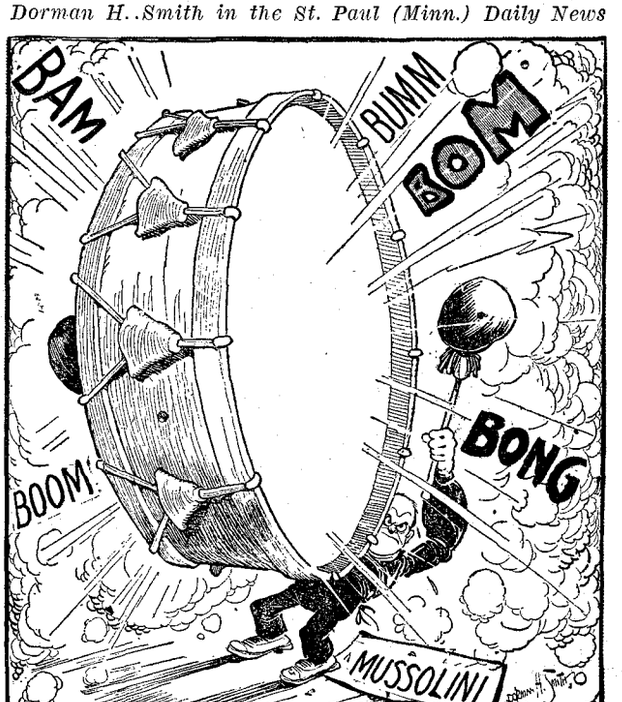
From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia

Dorman H. Smith in the Bristol (Tenn.) Herald Courier

AT THE END OF HIS ROPE

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

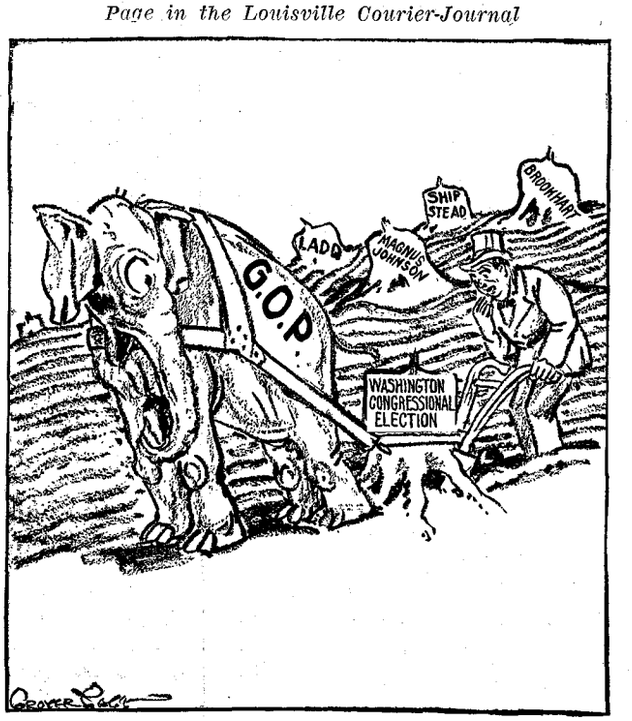
Dorman H..Smith in the St. Paul (Minn.) Daily News



ITALY'S PART IN THE CONCERT OF NATIONS

From I. G. Billings, Albert Lea, Minn.

Page in the Louisville Courier-Journal



HARD PLOWING

From Virginia Rubel, Lebanon, Ky.

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"At two minutes before noon Yokohama was a fine city of 250,000 people. At 3 P.M. it simply was not. It was wiped out." As he walked over to take a last glance at the dock before casting off, the ship began to shake. He could see the land running in waves from six to eight feet high. As he looked on the dock he saw a chasm open engulfing a woman and a young girl, and another chasm swallow an automobile. The shock thrust the steamship away from the dock, and Captain Robinson remarks in his interview in his casual fashion: "I had her shoved over again where we picked up as many as we could of those who had fallen into the water." Then came the fire, and with it a terrific wind; and the dock caught fire. How Captain Robinson managed to get the steamship away from the dock with a vessel directly astern at anchor and lighters in between he does not say; but he got her away in safety, though in the meantime she was rammed by another vessel. The next day the harbor itself was aflame, for the floating oil caught fire. He got his steamship away in comparative safety when danger further threatened by the burning oil. At this point Captain Robinson gives all praise to the help furnished by the Iris under the command of young Captain Konings. And it was only after the struggle of the Iris with the helpless Empress of Australia, whose propeller had been tangled in anchor chains, was over that it was discovered that the Iris had braved the flames, though she had a cargo of 2,000 tons of kerosene and 2,000 tons of crude oil. Captain Robinson has nothing to say for himself, but praises the captain and crew of the Iris and the passengers and crew of his own steamship.

Captain Robinson, an Englishman of fifty-three, native of Hull, has been in the service of the Canadian Pacific, of which he is now Senior Captain or Commodore, for thirty years. During the war he commanded the Empress of Russia, which acted as an armed cruiser and then as a troop transport. Captain Robinson's father was a sea captain. His wife is an American woman.

We have suggested that perhaps some of his own family may have been as surprised as he to find him a hero. His brother, William Applebye Robinson, a resident of Cornwall-on-Hudson, from whom we have been able to learn the facts we have given, admits as much, for in Cornwall's local paper Mr. Robinson writes of his brother,

COMMANDER SAMUEL ROBINSON

the captain of the Empress of Australia: "And to think that this was the kid I used to lambaste for not doing as he was told, and used to bully terribly when he was serving his apprenticeship with me in the old Imbros."

(C) Ewing Galloway, New York

MARSHAL TSAO-KUN, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CHINA

CHINA'S LATEST PRESIDENT

HIS Excellency Tsao Kun has been "elected" President of China. The vote was at once a tribute to the Chihli party organization and the fortune of Marshal Tsao Kun.

This event has been impending for some time. Ever since Li Yuan-hung departed overnight from Peking, the military chief, or tuchun, of Chihli, has intimated his desire to occupy the Presidential mansion himself. But the problem of mobilizing enough Parliamentary supporters to go through the forms of election has made the task seem hopeless.

The buying up of a Parliamentary quorum was completed dramatically when a special train arrived from Tientsin with thirty members, who were hurriedly herded into the Parliament House. Tsao Kun received fifty more than a minimum of votes required by the Chinese Constitution, a scattering of ballots ironically being allowed to go for Sun Yat-sen, Tang Chi-yao, Wu Pei-fu, and other rivals of greater or less stature. The election, 590 votes being cast, established, according to report, a record price for ballots—five thousand dollars silver each.

But the significance of the election is twofold. From the standpoint of China's domestic politics, it only promises further confusion. Li Yuan-hung, the stop-gap President who filled in for a second time when Hsu Shih-chang was ousted, remains, at least in his own eyes, a President of China. Whether or not he will accept the invitation of a powerful Yangtze tuchun to re-establish his "constitutional" régime at Hangchow, having been forced out of Peking by a military *coup d'état*, likewise is undecided. Then the master of Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin, has circularized the provinces denouncing the ambitions of Tsao Kun; this leaves the new occupant of the President's chair in Peking with a powerful rival to the north. To the south Tsao Kun is secure only so long as he continues to enjoy the more or less cordial support of Marshal Wu Pei-fu. Below the Yangtze the elevation of the Chihli militarist party's head simply is taken to show the soundness of the Canton faction in refusing to play with the militarists over the spoils of Peking offices.

PEKING AND THE POWERS

INTERNATIONALLY the election of Tsao Kun raises some dangerous problems. While the apparent course of the Powers is clear enough, accord

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ing to the precedents of their China policy there are possibilities looming that can make for embarrassment. The United States and the other Western countries have automatically and without scruple recognized every one put by an upturn of Chinese politics into the Presidential mansion. The puppet Government at Peking has been considered a necessity for diplomatic relations.

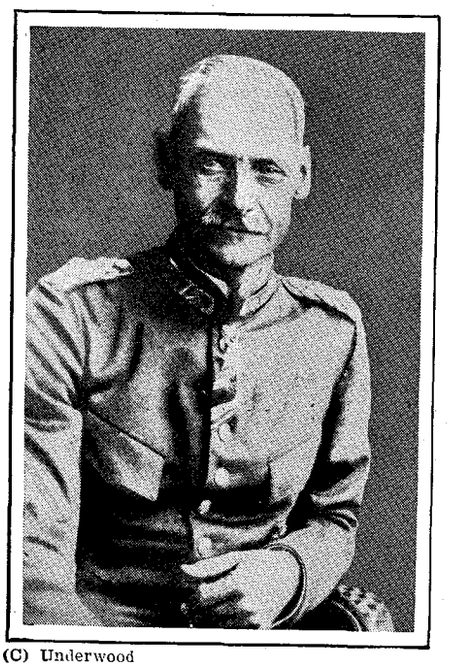
To-day the Chinese as a whole are coming to regard the Government in Peking openly as the creature of the foreign Powers. Therefore the position of Tsao Kun becomes most interesting with the Powers applying pressure upon the Chinese Foreign Office for a settlement of the bandit question. The fact that the Lincheng affair took place in the territory under the control of a henchman of the new President of the Peking Government adds to the direct concern Tsao Kun has in meeting the foreign demands.

A characteristic Chinese comment on the whole situation comes from a North China paper:

> Instead of going to the root of the evil, minor officials are blamed, while nothing at all is said about reprimanding or punishing the one man on whom the real responsibility rests, namely, Tsao Kun. He is the highest authority, and all others are his underlings; even the Tuchun of Shantung, upon whom the note is so severe, is only the puppet of the Paotingfu war lord. The omission of the name of Marshal Tsao Kun is of course no oversight on the part of the Foreign Ministers.

In view of the fact that Tsao Kun has been elevated to the Presidency, this indictment of the Powers for using and abusing recognition as a method of affecting Chinese policy is timely; but it does not cover the case. As long as the Chinese themselves are indifferent about their own Central Government the Powers that are committed to the preservation of the integrity of China will inevitably see that some sort of Central Government is maintained for purposes of necessary international negotiation.

In the meantime the day that Peking heard the news of Tsao Kun's election it also learned that a new outrage had been committed on foreigners in the province of Honan. The raiding of a city under the protection of Marshal Wu Pei-fu's forces resulted in the capturing of British subjects attached to the China Inland Mission.



(C) Underwood

FORMER CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA

International

AUGUST VON KAHR, COMMISSIONER-GENERAL OF BAVARIA

THE WATCH ON THE RUHR

"WE will be ready to listen to concise proposals when we shall have observed on the spot that resistance has ceased and when the payments in kind due us have resumed their regular movement."

That is M. Poincaré's summary of the French position as to Germany.

Not a week has gone by since the occupation of the Ruhr when that in substance has not been said and repeated. It has apparently required all these months to convince Germany and Britain (it is unpleasant for an American to couple these names) that the French have meant what they said.

If the French occupation had been more violent, it might have been more quickly convincing; but it has been wisely restrained. The French Prime Minister has stated that in the process of restoring order, when violence has broken out, the French have killed during all these months just sixty-four in the Ruhr; and that of the seventeen sentenced to death but one had been executed. We wonder what the total record of deaths in a corresponding period last year was attributable to the combined railway and coal strikes in these United States.

It is not surprising that M. Poincaré does not expect much from German announcements of the end of passive resistance, inasmuch as the Germans themselves have been openly saying that they have stopped struggling only because they have had to stop.

For a while even an acknowledgment on the part of Stresemann that the German Government was yielding from necessity raised such a storm that it seemed for a moment that Stresemann himself would fall from power, but after a day or two it became clear that nobody could or would take his place. It is true there is what is called a new Cabinet in Germany, but, as an ultra-reactionary characterized it, it is the "galvanized corpse of the former Cabinet." It indicates no accession to power on the part of the ultra-reactionaries.

In Bavaria the Nationalists are in power. Dictator von Kahr, who talks about "our Crown Prince," and who would like to put Prince Rupprecht on the throne not only of Bavaria but of all Germany, has announced his policy as that of building up a strong Ger-

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International

THE LLOYD GEORGE PARTY IN NEW YORK—THE FORMER PREMIER, MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE

many that can prove it was not guilty of the war and that can ward off the attacks of the French, whom he does not name but whom he calls "robbers."

In view of what is happening in Berlin and in Munich, only credulity can believe that Poincaré can soon be persuaded to rely much upon German good faith.

LLOYD GEORGE IN AMERICA

AMERICANS are always interested in personality. Whatever else may be said in praise or dispraise of David Lloyd George, he assuredly beams and overflows with individuality. He may not always be consistent, but he is contagiously convincing as a man-to-man speaker; he can be eloquent on occasion, but he is rarely so highly lifted in spirit that he cannot with a quick and familiar turn of homely illustration and direct appeal of humor keep his audience keenly listening. It may not have been altogether dignified for him in his last political campaign to exclaim, "What the country wants apparently is less brilliancy and a change to something a little more dull and ordinary," but certainly those last adjectives could never have been applied to him either as a speaker or a political strategist. He has well been called a self-made statesman, for he was decidedly not made by class or party; his energy, Celtic fire, flexibility if you choose, kept him always in the public eye and also were typical of his readiness of resource. He constantly, as leader, gave way, or changed front on policies or ways of action. Whether he gave way on basic principles is a question that will be debated for years to come.

All this would not have made Lloyd George a statesman nor held him in the office of Prime Minister for more consecutive years than any other man. Behind all his political dexterity he usually had a large purpose for true advance in government and legislation. Before the war his social programme made him an advanced Liberal leader —old-age pensions, workmen's insurance, extension of education, tax revision, were definite issues, and were carried through. Lately his administrations gave Ireland a chance for representative government and instituted at least a beginning of more liberal policies toward the people of India. In war time he managed a coalition Government as no other man could have done; he pushed war measures, and especially the making of munitions, with never flagging zeal; he was patient, cheerful, and courageous under reverses. Those who regard him as a shifting political empiricist would do well to study his record in those years of strain and struggle. His disappointing hesitancy and uncertainty in the complex negotiations at Versailles showed him in his least happy aspect. When he fell from power, it was not because of any definite failure of policy but because the day when a coalition party was desirable had passed and the inevitable break-up left a weak Liberal party, the less radical part of which joined the Conservatives, while the extreme radical part was replaced by labor members.

An example of Lloyd George's facility in catching his audiences' attention was shown in his one address in New York, when he declared that "the real founder of the British Empire as we know it was George Washington. He taught us to become a democratic empire." But what we Americans will like more even than his versatility and readiness as a speaker will be his never-failing belief in the common people. His plea in world questions is for such mutual confidence as will make for peace and security, and his personal message to America is England's unofficial recognition that, in his words, "We feel a debt of gratitude to the great people of the United States of America that we can never repay for the service they rendered."

PRESERVE THE FOREST PRESERVE

ONE of the matters about which the voters in New York are called upon to express their will in the coming election is an amendment to the State Constitution which would allow what its opponents believe to be a raid on the Adirondack Forest Preserve. It is safe to say that a very large proportion of the voters will go to the polls without any opinion whatever on this subject except the general conviction that the exploitation of public parks and forest preserve is a thing to be condemned and forbidden, or, on the other hand, the feeling that the public need for increased electric power is such that some letting down of the bars is admissible.

In either case, in our judgment, the voter should vote in the negative. The first class of voter described above would naturally do so; the second class of voters should refrain from favoring the proposal until they have convinced themselves affirmatively that in this particular instance the law of the State should be changed.

The basic reason why this proposal should be defeated at this time is that the voters as a matter of fact know very little about it. They do know, if they have read the papers at all, that Governor Smith has strongly opposed the measure, and that in doing so he has stated that it was "jammed through" both houses of the Legisla-

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ture in its dying hours, when there was no time for deliberation or discussion. This in itself is a conclusive reason why the measure should be defeated. It is easy to let down the gates, but when it comes to Constitutional amendments it is very hard to put them up again. If this encroachment on New York forest land is imperatively desirable, and if the voters must decide, it is a mere truism to say that they should first be well informed.

The amendment in question permits what is now forbidden—the building of hydroelectric power plants on the State's forest lands and the construction of electric transmission lines through the forests. It is true that the power developed is to be used only for public utilities, but a provision that the developments may be leased to private interests opens a pretty wide door for undesirable features.

The friends of the preservation of the natural beauty and native scenery of the Forest Preserve declare that its beautiful lakes and streams will be disfigured by the construction proposed.

In an address to the voters, issued by the Committee to Prevent Exploitation of the Adirondacks (signed by officers of many organizations—some having to do with the general question involved, others concerned with game preservation and the interests of Adirondack property owners—chambers of commerce or boards of trade, camp-fire and mountain clubs, and other societies), it is asserted that the measure would "give the water power and lumber interests a foothold upon the people's preserve which they have been trying to obtain, openly or covertly, for nearly thirty years, and which, heretofore, the people have emphatically refused to give them." Governor Smith declares that the attempt "involves a very radical departure from our State policy of dealing with our Adirondack Preserve. It enables a lessee to exploit water powers in our great public park and to construct, maintain, and operate them for terms of fifty years. No provision is made for compensation to the State. Property acquired by the State at the cost of millions of dollars may, under the provisions of this amendment, be virtually given to a private corporation for half a century."

On the other hand, those who favor the amendment aver that the State would in fact get compensation; that whatever is done would be subject to the regulation of the Public Utilities Commission; that the total amount of power to be obtained would not be in excess of the three per cent already allowed by law, although it would be applied to other purposes than have been permitted; that no unnecessary lumbering will be allowed; that the lanes made by the construction of the poles to carry the cables would be really beautiful—rather a strong stretch of the imagination, we think—and so on.

The individual voter can judge between the arguments of experts only by considering the interests each side has to serve; one strives to preserve the parks in their pristine beauty for the purposes of recreation and enjoyment as originally intended; the other has a commercial purpose.

In this condition it at least seems perfectly clear that the voters should not allow themselves to be rushed into unconsidered action. The safe and reasonable thing is to demand further information and positive demonstration before they vote to do something which, once done, cannot be undone. Let the Legislature of New York reconsider the whole question, and if it decides again to appeal to the people let it be only after a hearing which shall not be scant and hurried or marked, in the words of the Governor of the State, by "unseemly haste."

JEFFERSON DAVIS

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

IT is hard, if not impossible, for a Northerner born and bred to appraise the character and career of Jefferson Davis impartially or even honestly. One of my earliest recollections is of the celebration of the fall of Richmond. My father and mother were living in a southern Indiana city, Terre Haute. I can remember being taken out of my small bed—at least I assume that it was a small bed, because I was not quite six years old—wrapped in a blanket, and carried by an uncle to the city square in the evening. The square as I see it with my mind's eye, for I have not seen it since, was surrounded by brick blocks the windows of which were brilliantly illuminated—by candles, I suppose. My father, who was a Yankee born in Massachusetts, was a non-combatant, but he did faithful, self-sacrificing, and sometimes, I believe, dangerous work in behalf of the Northern cause. He was gentle-spirited and never bitter, and from my home atmosphere I did not breathe in any animosity towards Jefferson Davis, who was the personification of rebellion to all Northerners. But, like all boys, I was naturally intensely partisan, and I can remember singing with great gusto "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." I thought of all Southerners as "Johnny rebs," just as I imagine every Southern boy of my age thought of all Northerners as "Damnyankees."

This feeling of gay and lighthearted animosity, if I may indulge in such a paradoxical phrase, I have long since gotten over. I have come to have a feeling of great admiration for the South and Southerners. It may be safely asserted that no country in the history of the world—for the seceding Southern States were a unified country in the political, social, and geographical sense of that term—has shown such spiritual and physical energy, such powers of rehabilitation, and such fine and courageous acceptance of the inevitable as the Southern States. Moreover, the South contributed to the conflict some great and noble spirits, or rather it should be said the conflict contributed to the country some great and noble spirits who fought for the "lost cause" with grim tenacity, unfailing courage, high purpose, and brilliant genius. Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson are not merely Southern heroes, they are American heroes. The names of Lee and Lincoln may be coupled and, I think, are coupled by every Northerner who is proud of the great men to whom his country has given birth.

Jefferson Davis, however, is not, to my way of thinking, one of these joint heroes. Whether it is the result of ingrained prejudice or not, no amount of reading or panegyric can make me feel towards Jefferson Davis as I feel towards Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, or Albert Sidney Johnston, notwithstanding the fact that in external circumstances the four men were very similar. They were all born in the South, they were all graduates of West Point, they all served in the United States Army, and they all seceded to become leaders of the Confederacy.

History is inexorable, and may generally be permitted to take care of itself. Mankind forms its opinions of the moral and intellectual status of its leaders or would-be leaders by a kind

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Jefferson Davis.

of intuition, and no amount of special pleading can fundamentally alter these opinions. No leader of the Southern Confederacy has had more special pleading made in his behalf than Jefferson Davis, but I cannot see that it has greatly changed the dislike of his enemies or greatly enhanced the affection of his followers. His case is indeed one of the saddest and most pathetic of all the prominent figures of the Civil War.

I am led to these observations by the fact that one of my colleagues recently put on my desk two works[1] that have just been published about Jefferson Davis with the request that I give my impressions of them to the readers of The Outlook. "Works" is surely the word. For one of them represents an enormous amount of labor on the part of the editor and would require the labor of a galley-slave to read through. It is a compilation of the letters, papers, and speeches of Jefferson Davis, collected and edited by Dunbar Rowland, LL.D., and published by the State of Mississippi in ten volumes of six hundred pages each. As the books lie one on top of another on my desk they make a monument a foot and a half in height. If the taxpayers of Mississippi wish to pay for such a monument as this, nobody outside of the State, I suppose, has any right to find fault. Indeed, as a contribution to the authentic sources of future historical writing the State of Mississippi has done well to make such a compilation, for President Davis was one of the pivotal figures of the Civil War, the greatest struggle of its kind that man has ever undertaken. But it is certain that the Northern reader who sincerely wishes to correct his prejudices, if he has any, about the unhappy President of the Southern Confederacy will not be aided by the inscription or epitaph which Dr. Rowland has written for the monument which he has erected. It appears on a dedicatory page and reads as follows:

JEFFERSON DAVIS
1808–1889

Soldier, Scholar, Statesman, Executive, Orator, Author, and Expounder of the Constitution of the United States.

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, James Otis, and James Madison were the defenders of the inalienable, constitutional rights of Englishmen of the American Colonies.

Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, and John B. Gordon were the defenders of the inalienable, constitutional rights of Americans of all the States of the Union.

These superior and unusual spirits embodied in their ideals of government the deathless principles of democracy which made John Hampden, John Milton, William Pitt, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Cromwell immortal.

To put Jefferson Davis on a parity with John Hampden, John Milton, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Cromwell is a little too much for even the most open-minded reader of history.

The other work is a one-volume Life of Jefferson Davis by H. T. Eckenrode, published by the Macmillans. It has great physical advantages over the Mississippi publication because it can be easily held in the hand and the reasonable number of its pages can be perused without brain exhaustion. But in historical weight it is as much lighter than Dr. Rowland's compilation as it is in avoirdupois. For Dr. Rowland has given us both private and public letters of Jefferson Davis, his political speeches and his military and Presidential despatches, from which the honest reader can form a clear impression of the man's spirit, intelligence, and purpose. But Mr. Eckenrode invents a totally new purpose for the career of Jefferson Davis—what he calls an anthropological purpose. He says that Jefferson Davis was the defeated champion of the Nordic race, and implies that the Republic is going to the dogs for the following novel reason:

"The Nordic element in our population is constantly decreasing in proportion to the non-Nordic, and if it were not for the still mainly Nordic South the United States would represent a racial revolution. It would be the story of the supplanting of one race by another. But so long as the South remains Nordic the old America is still with us. . . . The Southern Confederacy was, above all, the effort of

[1] Jefferson Davis, President of the South. By H. T. Eckenrode. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.
Jefferson Davis—Constitutionalist. By Dunbar Rowland, LL.D. 10 vols. Printed for the Mississippi Department of Archives and History. Jackson, Mississippi.

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the Nordic race to save itself. If it had succeeded there would have been a great Nordic Empire which might have reached from the Potomac to Cape Horn."

Mr. Eckenrode does not inform us how Mr. Davis would have disposed of the Latin races in South America if he had succeeded with the Confederacy, but he evidently thinks that it could have been managed somehow or other, for he adds:

"Success depended, in the last analysis, on Jefferson Davis. He failed. Not from lack of brains, for he had a good mind, and not from want of character, for he was a strong man. But from temperament. He did not have the faculty of success: the power to grapple men to him, absolute self-forgetfulness. So he failed, and with him faded the last hope of the Nordic race."

Here is food for thought indeed! Even the prejudiced Yankee may pause in somber reflection. Lincoln and Grant saved the Union, but at what a price! Our fathers both North and South, instead of singing "Dixie" and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys" in separate camps, should really, if they had possessed any foresight, have joined forces and made their common battle-song "Rally Round the Nordic Race."

To speak seriously, however, it is perhaps too soon, even after a lapse of fifty years, to expect biographies of Civil War leaders to be written that will not be tinged with the partisanship of their writers, or will not run counter to the prejudices of their readers. Two of the best and most impartial Civil War biographies have been written by Englishmen—Lord Charnwood's "Life of Lincoln" and Colonel Henderson's "Life of Stonewall Jackson." Both can be read by Northerner and Southerner with pleasure and satisfaction. But in neither does the personality of Jefferson Davis appeal to the affection of the reader, although it is treated with formal respect by the authors. Walter Bagehot said of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" that it is not a book to be read, but a book to have on one's shelves to gaze at with wonder at the vast amount of erudition it contains. Much the same thing can be said of Dr. Rowland's ten volumes. They will increase the respect of the reader for the vast amount of painful labor which Jefferson Davis gave to a hopeless cause, but I doubt if they will arouse any feelings of personal devotion and attachment such as the soldiers of Lee and Jackson felt for their great and well-beloved commanders.

ALBANIA—A POOR LITTLE RICH LAND

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY BRUNO ROSELLI

"I LIKE the Italians. My family likes the Italians. My country likes the Italians." That shaggy-bearded Albanian, looking at the string of Italian lighthouses winking at us from across not less than five miles of cobalt, went on like Exercise Number One in an elementary grammar book.

"Perhaps," I retorted. "Then why did you Albanians give them a gentle push into the Adriatic after the Italian protectorate was declared four years ago, with the approval—what shall I say?—even of President Wilson?"

"Because Italy never understood us. Turkey used to give us blows; and Austria, gold. But Italians gave neither. And in all our quarrels we knew that under Turkey the Moslem was always right, and under Austria it was the Catholic who was always right. And when one knows one behaves accordingly. Whereas under Italy one never knew whether the judge would side with the Mohammedan or with the Christian. And then the Italians wasted their energy killing mosquitoes and digging up stones twenty centuries old. Yes, the Italians are crazy, poor, and weak, but we like them." And he went down to pack more and more trinkets into the already bulging fez and the baggy trousers and the sockless boots, because next morning we would pass through the Albanian customs. I was left on deck with the captain and two hollow-cheeked young *Sqipetari*,[1] stretched out in hammocks, trembling from malarial fever.

"Have another," said the captain, holding out to me a red quinine pellet, as if he had been offering a cigarette or a drink. "Then go lie down on a real Western bed. You will miss one in Albania. Won't he, Mr. Merchant Primæval?"

Mr. Merchant Primæval assented, grinning and repeating to himself: "A vacation in Albania! *Mio Dio!* A college professor! *Santi del Paradiso!* An American college professor taking a vacation in Albania!" Whereupon he half jocosely and half seriously assured me that there are no lunatic asylums in Albania, just as there are no railways, no movies, no hospitals, no newspapers, no lighthouses, no dentists, no banks, and no picture postcards. Then he returned to sit on his earthly possessions, literally speaking, because this ineffably refreshing gentleman, whose identity is concealed under terms of most poetical praise, makes a living by conducting his business just as it used to be done when the world was young. He owns a warehouse in southern Italy; there he buys and assembles his goods. He puts all his capital—many thousands of dollars—into general merchandise manufactured somewhere in civilized Christendom, packs it into a number of cases, closes the Italian office, accompanies the cases across the Adriatic, lands with them, sells them for spot cash in real gold and silver to Albanian traders and chiefs, and returns laden with metal to Italy to buy more "general merchandise." No samples, no salesmen, no credit, no drafts, no discounts. A charming gentleman; but how peeved he was when I asked him what he meant by "general merchandise"! "It means everything, of course," he replied. "Everything needed by Eskimo and Zulu, by Albanian and Siamese; by every person who leads a normal, uncivilized existence. You will soon see for yourself." And a few hours later I saw. Scissors and calico; glass beads, matches, and safety-pins; combs, needles, mirrors, envelopes, and buttons, were only a few of the hundreds of items of a *mercanzia* that is bought in bulk, as such, without any specification or explanation as to how many objects of one kind are in a case and how many of another. If no other steamers are likely to follow soon from the West, and if the road through the Albanian Alps in the East is impassable, and if no revolutions are in sight, and if the tobacco crop has been good, the *mercanzia* may sell one hundred per cent higher than it had cost my friend the Merchant Primæval, who, barring typhus, cholera, leprosy, and deadly attacks of the universal malaria, will spend a comfortable old age thanks to a poor little rich land apparently too impecunious to issue any money of its own, yet actually handling more French, German, Italian, Serb, and Greek *gold* and *silver* in a month than is handled in a year in any of those countries.

ALBANIA is (in case you had forgotten it) a Republic; one of those wondrous new political units created

[1] Sqipetar, Sqipenie=Albania, Albanian, in the Albanian language.

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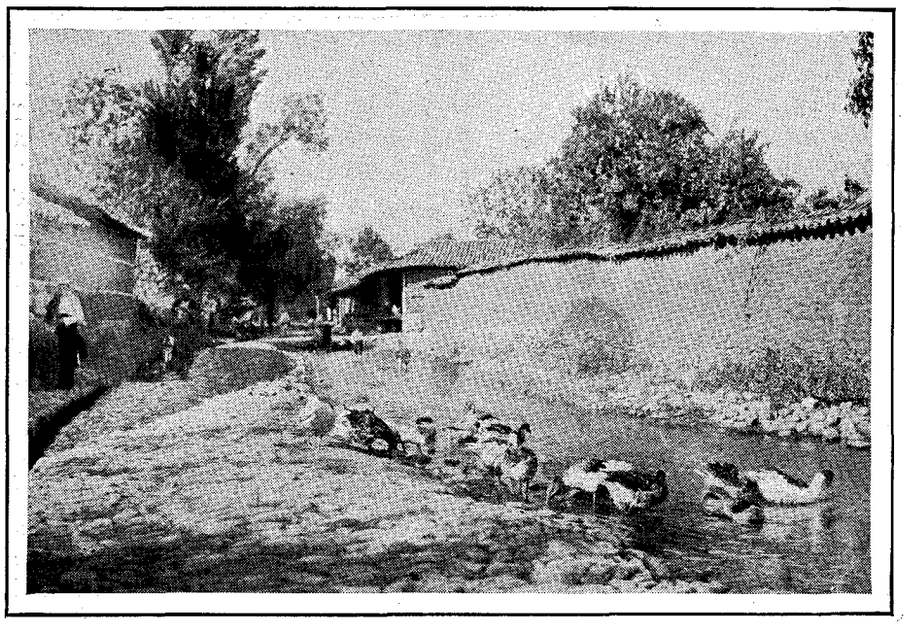

A TYPICAL ALBANIAN HIGHWAY—HOW IT BEGINS

after the war in a frenzy of demagogic "unshackling." Its capital is Tirana, a malaria-soaked village which had the advantage of being more inaccessible to the Serbs than Scutari, more inaccessible to the Italians than Durazzo, more inaccessible to the Greeks than Valona. It already boasts seventeen street lamps; a sewer under the main street, with trap doors to enable the inhabitants to do their family washing near home; most of its buildings have street numbers, although it is usually impossible to tell to which street or *rruga* (from the Italian *ruga*, wrinkle, a most appropriate term) the numbers belong. It also boasts a "hotel" which possesses several units of an American porcelain toilet set, but detached from all pipes, and apparently imported only for purposes of exhibition or political propaganda, to impress the occasional foreign visitor with the worthiness of Albania to enter the League of Nations on the same terms as the United States of America.

The Albanian House of Representatives consists of twenty members, who occasionally fall down upon Tirana, well armed and surrounded by their leading electors, from the wild mountains around, to decide which bunch of officials is to be paid next. You see, so few of the taxpayers can be made to pay taxes, either by persuasion or marksmanship! "The most privileged among us are now only five months behind in *their* pay," I was informed in perfect Italian (the only foreign language of Albania) by an elegant captain in an American doughboy's uniform, trying to reach with his *kurbash*, or Turkish whip, a street urchin passing in front of our café. (Albanian soldiers, and occasionally civilians, wear with real gusto Italian uniforms left behind by the Italians in their retreat or American uniforms shed by former Red Cross officials.) The foreign post offices have recently been closed, and Albanian mail officials postmark the letters with canceling stamps left also by the Italians in their hasty retreat of three years ago. And the Government guarantees that every week every post office will be reached by a mail wagon. This sanguine statement does not mean that a letter will be delivered at a distant office the week after you mail it; it means that it will *start* then. It may have to do some zigzagging. For instance, a letter which I have before me as I write left Scutari for Durazzo on February 23. The next Scutari boat perhaps found it impossible to touch at Durazzo, where the harbor is filled with the carcasses of Austrian and Italian men-of-war submarined between 1915 and 1918 and never removed *or even endowed with a lighted buoy at night.* So the letter went on to Corfu, Greece, arriving March 10. A northbound steamer took it to Brindisi, Italy, March 17. Thence it went to Bari by train, where it embarked for Durazzo, reaching destination March 25, or 32 days after departure. There are about eighty miles between Scutari and Durazzo.

The press is represented, as far as I could tell, by the "Xournalli Political" of Chicago, Illinois. Its English sub-heading enables me to announce to you that it appears weekly and that its editor answers (I do not know in what language) to the unexpected name of John Adams. I prize it highly, since for days and days it supplied the only kind of wrapping paper obtainable.

As to the Albanian language, it would be utterly hopeless—lacking relatives and even speaking acquaintances—were it not for the fact that it is so rudimentary that it must needs borrow anything civilized from its neighbors, especially from Italy, where most of the "best" Albanians fled whenever the Moslems intensified their persecutions. Thus when the postal tariff tells me "Revista Kataloga Libra, 100 gram. 1 frank," I feel that I could almost teach Albanian at Vassar.

Here I am puzzled again. Just what do they mean by "1 frank"? There is no "frank" in Albania. There is *no currency whatever*, preposterous though the statement may seem. The town of Kavaja, for some unfathomable reason, uses only pre-war Turkish currency. Durazzo and Valona use the Italian lira, which they picturesquely call *liretta*, with a delicious Italian diminutive to show that it is a post-bellum, depreciated lira. Most other towns use the gold napoleon as a unit—four American dollars—and divide it into fifty-five *corone* or ante-bellum silver coins of the unit of *any* Continental European country: franc, mark, lira, dinar, drachma, and Austrian crown, from which last the (Italianized) word *corona* is derived. Hence a perfect riot of exchange possibilities, because, although these silver coins (the arrival of which into Albanian territory from countries whence silver has totally disappeared constitutes one of the most picturesque chapters in economic history) are all worth the same in Albania, they vary vastly in value elsewhere, coins of former "enemy countries" being considered mere silver bullion, whereas those of the Allies are not allowed to be sold at a premium over the post-bellum paper money. This last being sheer economic nonsense, in spite of all laws, the silver migrated to Albania.

As an interesting corollary, I found that in Scutari, which is near the present fantastic boundaries of Greater Serbia, people grumbled when I paid some small bills with silver dinars, because the Scutarini feared to see the Serbs near by obtain them, by hook or crook, at the cost of the paper dinar of to-day—one American cent. But the payment of larger bills and the creation of a cash reserve for further expeditions was to supply a new experience that day. American paper money proved unknown. An imposing letter of credit on the largest Boston bank excited hilarity in the bazar. I did not feel the contagion of that hilarity. Money flows fast when you have to travel by motor on roads which have not been touched since the last foreign army departed; and I felt, as never before, the sense of being, not only helpless, but *lost*. Among those perfect human animals I was a disanimalized representative of civilization, without either of the approved

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badges of civilization: political prestige and cash. None of my friends knew where I was. I had taken no papers with me, in order to move about freely; and had scoffed at letters of introduction, the better to preserve my liberty of action. Nor had I signed my name, of course, on any hotel register, or reported at any police station. Worst of all, no consular offices had a record of granting me a visa to Albania, as the Albanian representative in Italy had courteously waived the point. "Not needed," he said. "Not for Italians. They have already done enough for us. Schools, aqueducts, dispensaries, roads. And I don't care whether you come from America. You are an Italian, and you can keep your ten dollars." How gladly I would now have given ten useless dollars for that visa! But it was only a moment, for where the national greenback had failed the blue Travelers' Check brought the eagerly awaited spark in the Oriental eye. It was an ignominious rate of exchange, but the sense of safety I bought with it was worth the difference.

I HAD barely left Albania when the five Italian members of the Albanian Boundary Mission were slaughtered in Greece, bringing about the Greco-Italian crisis. I can hear you ask: "Did Albanians or Greeks murder them?"

It is not my wish to blow on a happily now extinguished fire. The Italians have evacuated Corfu as originally promised, and an International Tribunal in Paris has found Greece guilty of willful negligence in the search for the murderers, and fined her fifty million lire. The quarrel is settled. But, since the assassins are still at large, I wish to record my impressions.

The first was one of utter disbelief that such a heinous butchery had taken place. Remember that the original press telegram (originating in Athens) failed even to mention that the murder had taken place on Greek soil; and between the hypotheses of an Albanian political murder and of no murder at all I leaned toward the latter, knowing how cordially the people felt toward the Italians. The word of that Albanian official corresponded to what I had heard all over his country. Then I wondered whether it could not have been a case of robbery. Impossible. True, the Albanians are primitive, and politically corrupt, and boastful of a liberty and independence which they cannot properly maintain; they also set small value upon human life; but their murders are all political, not mercenary. At any rate, the large sums of money found on the five bodies excludes the robbery theory. So I returned to the theory of an Albanian political murder, but had to reject it on general and specific grounds. General, because it is universally conceded that the Italians are Albania's best friends. "We have three neighbors," many a Sqipetar told me, "and they are the Serbs, the Greeks, and the Italians; and only the Italians have lived up to the spirit and the letter of the agreement when they promised to withdraw." That is absolutely correct. The Italo-Albanian agreement called for entire evacuation of all the Albanian mainland; therefore Italy has withdrawn even from Cape Linguetta, whence the water used to be brought to the totally dry rock of Saseno, left to Italy by the said agreement. The few soldiers at Saseno now receive even their fresh water from Italy.

TIRANA'S "MAIN STREET"—MOST UP-TO-THE-MINUTE CORNER OF ALBANIA (NOTE THE LAMP AND THE SEWER)

And it was just because of this Italian proof of honesty that the International Albanian Boundary Commission had put General Tellini at the head of the mission sent to define uncertain zones and to place the boundary marks. And, rightly or wrongly, the General had been accused of settling all dubious cases in favor of Albania. There were therefore specific reasons also why Albanians could not have been guilty of the crime! Whereas, aside from the fact that the murder took place on territory unquestionably Greek, the theory of Greek responsibility appeared to me more and more plausible. The fact is that, although I was not in Albania when the murder took place, I was there while the General protested repeatedly to his international employers against the initial non-co-operation and final open opposition of the Greek members of the mission, who were stealthily displacing the boundary stones; and in particular of Colonel Botzaris, who on August 7 was officially warned by the International Boundary Commission to refrain from further interference. Twenty days later the entire Italian group was caught in an ambush and slaughtered, in that Greek land of Epirus which had always tried to annex southern Albania because the religious faith of its inhabitants is Greek Orthodox—one of those state religions so often leading to dubious international claims.

BUT beyond that offering of direct or indirect testimony which every right-minded citizen is in duty bound to supply, I shall not be drawn to discuss Albania's international politics and to mar with the tale of man-made tragedies my poetic reminiscences of the Land of Endless Surprise. Let me think instead of the poster of a steamship company sending cargo boats up the rivers of French Equatorial Africa, which graced the eating place at Alessio; of the delicious old-fashioned American dinner, ending with incomparable apple and mince pies, served to me at Tirana in the American Industrial School, still as unreal to me as a mirage in the desert; or, in the same city, the arrival in the wee hours of the morning of a French traveler (*"voyageur en ossements,"* he called himself—"traveler in boneries") who dumped against my door four trunks avowedly containing bones of his countrymen killed in Albania during the war; or, more thrilling to me than anything else, the discovery at Durazzo, when I had barely landed, of seven Roman marble *cippi* of the second century which were found so useful in preventing a spring from invading the main street that they were forthwith buried again—and that exactly twenty-four hours after I had watched the most glorious July sun invade the squares, awake the streets, sparkle on the fountains of the Eternal City.

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Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

The sensation of the day in the art world is the publication of a book entitled "Rembrandt and His School," by John C. Van Dyke, Professor of Art and Archæology in Rutgers College, in which he questions the authenticity of many of the paintings attributed to Rembrandt, both in this country and Europe. Among the paintings thus questioned are those

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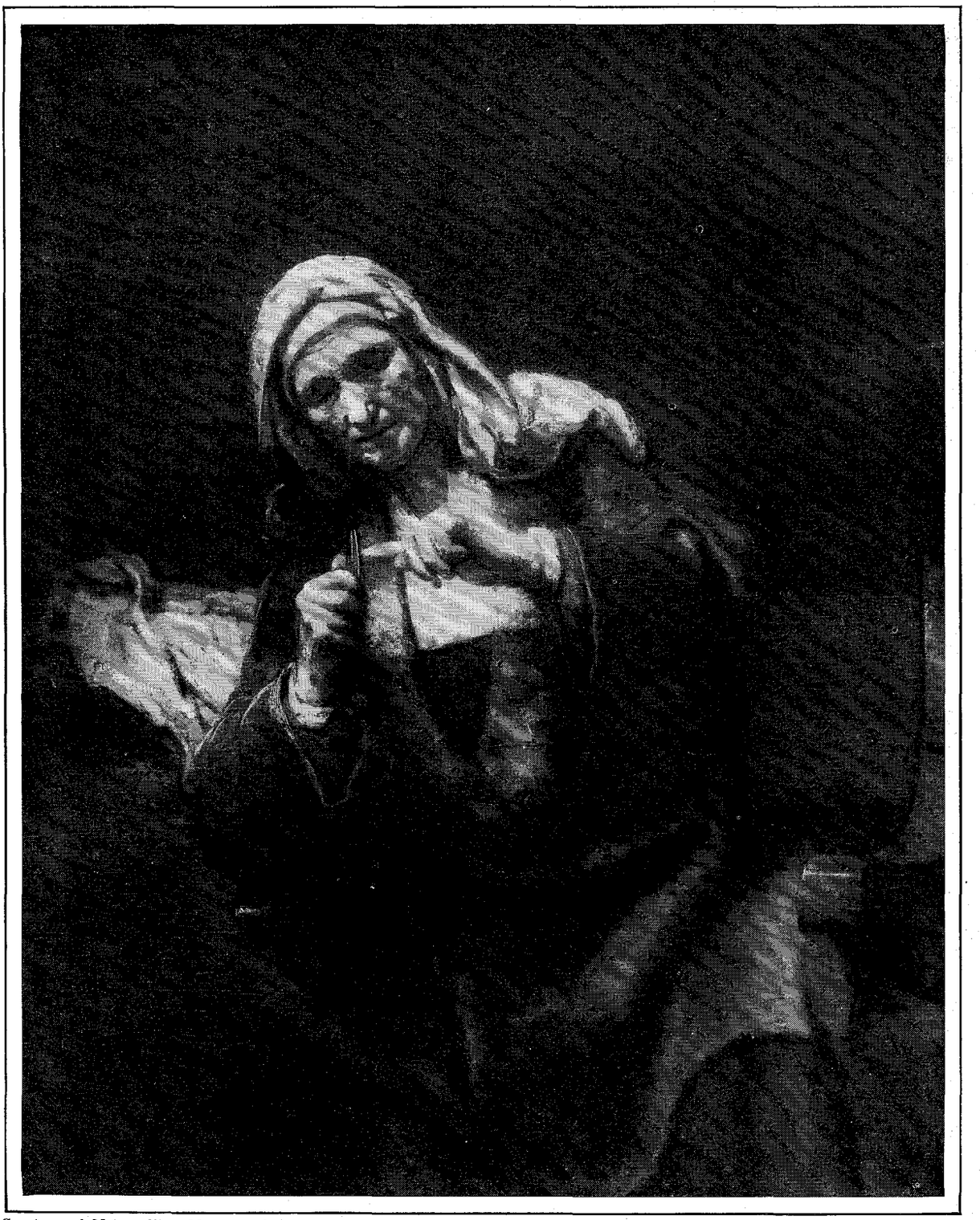

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

OLD WOMAN CUTTING HER NAILS

in the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York City, two of which are reproduced herewith. Each is signed "Rembrandt 1658." There is not a Rembrandt in any American public gallery on Professor Van Dyke's list of genuine paintings. Needless to say, many competent critics strongly dissent from Professor Van Dyke's conclusions

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ONE LOVER

BY DAVID MORTON

He wore her love in secret, pridefully—
Not in the street where men were proud and blind;
Knowing full well—aye, none so well as he—
That crowns are not becoming to his kind.
Humble enough and drab and dull of face,
He went unguessed about the careless town,
Thinking of Old World tales . . . the market-place . . .
The gossips . . . and a queen who loved a clown.

He would not draw that whispering round his ears,
With women wagging tongues in every door,
And taunts like laughing boys with sticks and jeers;—
But in his half-bewildered heart he wore
A secret crown, and played at being king,
Believing somehow this incredible thing.

PARAGRAPHS FROM A POLITICIAN'S EUROPEAN NOTE-BOOK

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

THE Cruelty and Subtlety of the Soviet.

I did not enter Russia, but heard much about it from near by. The impression one gets from many witnesses is that the *de facto* Soviet Government has reached a condition of reasonable stability and cleverness. It is in a position to make a personally conducted tour with temperamental United States Senators and come through with a good showing. There is no authority in sight to compete with it. The vast body of peasants are content with their ancient village or communal privileges and have little national organizing ability and vision. And the Soviet system has relentlessly exiled and destroyed all the old middle-class business mentality and every vestige of the professional intelligentsia of former days. In all the countries bordering on Russia there live in misery to-day millions of refugees, safe from Soviet revenges, but in hunger and cold because there is so little that is profitable towards which they can turn their hands and brains. Such employment as there is in these economically devastated countries is obtained more easily by the native citizens. I heard of one large house near the Russian cemetery in Berlin in which sixty Russian families were living crowded together, barely able to keep soul and body together, so poor that no one of them was able to get even into the city of Berlin itself. I talked with an American whose wife was the daughter of a former Russian banker in Moscow. He and his wife had traveled to Berlin to be at the bedside of the dying Russian mother and to alleviate somewhat the abject poverty of parents who in the former days in Moscow, before they were driven out and their property confiscated, had been possessed of every comfort. And there are not simply a few of these cases. There are very great numbers of them. At such a price has soviet stability been purchased. I know there has been cruelty in connection with every revolution, but is that any reason for being in a hurry to strengthen the hands of the present leadership of Russia?

Subtly the Soviet modifies its early programme of immediate social reconstruction. For the time it is content to be partly capitalist and partly socialist. It is not for lack of stability or absence of worldly wisdom that America withholds her sanction to Soviet sovereignty in Russia. It is the lack of human integrity which gives us pause. There can be no pact with a government which reverts to the primitive, which cruelly crushes the best with the worst, which will not keep its word, which has no regard for rights other than those it conceives to be its own. All witnesses agree that Russia will probably never see another monarchy, but that fateful country seems to have far to go before it is safely on the path of modern democracy.

The Meaning of Mussolini

Italy has never had an adequate background of self-government. Always the imperialist overlord. The Roman Empire, the Pope, Austria; or small city tyrants, imperialists in miniature. Some sixty years only of primary school practice in self-governing freedom, moving rapidly toward a one-sided democracy, either socialist or communist. Signs of disintegration on every hand, ineptitude, disunity bordering on anarchy. And along comes Mussolini. He makes the impression of great ability upon Americans who meet him. He has practical wisdom in governing. His new electoral law lacks something of pure majority democracy, but it does give an opportunity for the most numerous group in the country to assume and face the responsibility of governing. Mussolini is warlike—he is connected with an alleged peace-loving and peace-making League, but he bombards Corfu. By this means he makes Italy completely homogeneous overnight behind him. He is a political Rough Rider with primitive traits.

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But luggage is far more likely to reach its destination in Italy, and far less likely to be rifled without recourse, than in other years. In other words, Italy seems to have been headed towards an abyss of unbalanced democracy, and Mussolini may be providentially accredited to give her a breathing-space while she gets new and safer bearings.

Some Earlier Impressions which Do Not Change.

When you get a nearer view of Europe, of course many previous impressions are altered or entirely obliterated, but some are not. After you have been over the remnants of the supposedly invincible Hindenburg Line, with its barbed wire and dug-outs and mines and trenches and underground tunnels and machine gun nests, and have traced in Belgium the evidence of its occupation during the war by a military system which had made German soldiers over into efficient, docile, robot brutes who would rape women as a part of the day's work, and lay utterly waste great communities of homes, and shoot national patriots by the wholesale, and murder a devoted nurse like Edith Cavell (the bronze plate which marks the spot where she was executed has worked into it the imprint of the legs of the chair on which Miss Cavell sat; she had been judicially nagged into a condition in which she was too weak to stand, and the Belgians maintain that the firing squad did not actually kill her at the first volley, and so, as she fell over the side of the chair, the chief of the robots advanced and blew her brains out with his pistol!), your impressions are not altered with respect to the low-water mark of savagery attained on sea or land by the German military system which for a half-century had been at work modifying the native qualities of the people of Germany, and which during the Great War spread frightful suffering and economic devastation over the world.

What Military Propagandism Can Do.

When I was in Germany I heard at first hand from observers how the young men of Germany went off to the last war. As they marched through the streets of Berlin by the scores of thousands, with flowers in their bayonets, they shouted back at their women in the windows and along the sidewalks: "We'll keep them out! They will never reach you!" They had been propagandized by the military system in control of the organs of opinion to the effect that the Russian barbarian hordes were about to swarm over the barriers of the Fatherland and that the offensive was an enemy's offensive, utterly evil and malignant, directed at their homes and their possessions.

Always the military machine system is a great propagandist. One of the foremost generals of the last war was sitting next to a friend of mine at a state dinner in Europe, and my friend said to him, "How does it happen that the great body of the population, clerks, professional men, all sorts of simple, natural people who do not normally look for trouble and who are afraid of burglars, under certain definite impulses become imbued with a courage that surpasses imagination or with a brutality that is shocking?" And the General replied: "Those people are mainly transformed by propaganda. That is the business of the military system, the propaganda. You must make those people believe that their gods are imperiled, that their homes and their families are in danger, that their moral and spiritual ideals are menaced by an enemy wholly evil and malignant." "But how," said my friend, "about the enemy?" "Oh," said the General, "his military system must propagandize him, too, in the same way. Thus first-class fighting machines are made from simple, natural people in all populations."

Evidently if a country gets into a war under the impulse of facts and motives approximately sound, as we did, it should feel itself fortunate!

Walter Rathenau, the Foreign Minister of Germany, the night before he was assassinated told a friend of mine in Berlin that not over three hundred men in Germany were in reality responsible for the outbreak of the war or knew anything about the motives which really prompted it.

Disaster Falls upon Internal Germany.

During the war German territory was not seriously invaded, and for some time after the war, even through the year 1922, the factories, farms, and railways seemed prosperous; but five years afterward the penetration of economic, political, and social disaster to the heart of Germany is obvious on every hand. The burden of suffering and loss is not universal. The country districts have food and plenty of hard work on the land. The grain crops in Germany are exceedingly abundant at this harvest, and there are many communities which are neither hungry nor otherwise reduced to want. In the great cities, however, there are multitudes of people of the middle class, and recently great numbers of the industrial laborers, who are suffering to a greater or less degree from a variety of economic causes. The chief cause is the fall of the mark, due to enormous and unheard-of currency inflation. In August I got five millions of marks for an American dollar, and of course later one could get more than one hundred millions.[1] Before the war four marks were worth as much as a dollar of our money. We have been afflicted with inflation ourselves in America—in fact, the most depressing chapter in American history up to the latter part of the nineteenth century was the financial chapter; but we never got in so deep that we could not get out. The volume of French assignats at the Revolution reached vast proportions, but nothing like the present German inflation. In early August Governmental authority had already printed some thirty trillions of marks, far surpassing in figures the aggregate wealth of the world, I suppose; and how much has been added since, I do not know.

The Effect of Inflation upon the Middle Class.

I heard a good deal about the causes of this enormous inflation, which I may note later, but first I note the effects upon the middle and wage-earning classes of the German population. The professional people, teachers, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, as well as Governmental employees, depending upon traditional salaries and fees, have been badly hit. In August I observed that eighty-three evangelical clergymen in Leipzig were receiving for their livelihood less than two millions of marks for the month. During the most of that period this was equivalent to about forty or fifty cents of American money. And the price of food supplies and other commodities was well-nigh prohibitive, for reasons which I will mention soon. Physicians and surgeons have been driven to selling their instruments to keep their families in food. Widows and orphans, members of the middle class of any sort who were dependent upon income from investments or fixed incomes of any kind, were left with practically nothing, and have been slowly driven down economically into the proletariat stratum.

I noticed that university prizes for research of five or ten thousand marks were being bestowed, once worth twelve hundred and fifty to twenty-five hundred dollars; now they would hardly purchase a few peanuts.

The Industrial Workers are Hit.

Immediately after the war the industrial workers in Germany did very well, but in the last year, in the face of the swiftly falling mark, great numbers of them and their families have been brought to the precipice of worry and suffering. One of the grievances widely held in Germany against the industrialists is that they have negotiated for the sale of their products outside of Germany on a gold

[1] The latest quotation is a thousand million marks for a dollar.—The Editors.

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basis, but have paid their workers on a paper mark basis. If the worker received even five hundred thousand or a million marks a week, as he has at some recent periods, he would have to spend it at once to get any value out of it because of its rapid depreciation.

All the time the prices of foodstuffs in the cities have risen much faster than wages. The reason for this is that the farmers in the country were holding foodstuffs back from the cities, because, if they sold to-day, the price they received might mean little or nothing to-morrow. And a weak government has had difficulty in forcing out the foodstuffs from the farmers' hoards into the markets of the cities. Besides this, it must be remembered that Germany has always purchased from twenty to twenty-five per cent of her food supplies from outside countries, especially Holland. And Holland, of course, cannot now furnish commodities to Germany because of the distracted exchanges.

Low Wages and High Prices.

On a certain day a few months ago the average industrial worker in Berlin was getting one million three hundred thousand marks a week. After payments for income tax and compulsory insurance of one sort and another, he had about a million marks left. On that particular day, when this average wage was noted, pork was four hundred thousand marks a pound. One week's pay would buy two and one-half pounds of pork and nothing else. Oleomargarine—they of course had no butter—was five hundred thousand marks a pound, with corresponding prices for eggs and flour.

Compared with the condition of a workingman in America who, we will say, is getting twenty-five dollars a week, this price level would mean that he would pay about eight dollars a pound for oleomargarine, thirty cents apiece for eggs, and one hundred and ninety-six dollars a barrel for flour.

Fleecing the Landlords.

Persons who have real property to rent are in a forlorn state. The Government has intervened to keep rents at a low figure, and the tenants also since the revolution sometimes intervene. A talented professor in biology owned an apartment house in Berlin before the war, from which he derived a good income. After the revolution the tenants in his house held a meeting, elected a rent committee which chose a chairman who appeared before the professor and explained to him that the tenants had agreed upon a certain rental, in keeping with their present financial status, which they would hereafter pay him, at least until he got notice of further change. The professor took one look at the proposal and said to the conferee—"Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll make you the agent for the property. You take care of it, pay all the expenses, keep up the building, and turn the profits over to me." In a little while the professor was waited upon by a new committee chairman. The tenants had gotten rid of the first fellow because he had seen the impossibility of retaining his agency in good faith at the prevailing rate of rent. And the new conferee had another proposal to make. During the five years since the Armistice, the professor has averaged five dollars a year rental in American money. In 1914 in Hamburg in the month of July a certain small apartment rented for twenty-five marks a month. At that date the rental would buy thirty-nine pounds of pork, thirty-one pounds of oleo, three hundred and twelve eggs, and sixteen hundredweight of coal. In January, 1923, the apartment rented for three hundred and forty-five marks a month, which would buy a quarter of a pound of pork, one-third pound of oleo, two eggs, and one hundred and ten pounds of coal. Although the rent went up to twelve thousand marks a month in July of this year, and to eight hundred and eighty-five thousand marks a month in September, the amount of food and other commodities purchasable with the rental continued slightly to diminish.

Most native university students in Germany are now earning their own living, which would not be a bad situation if it were only reasonably hard. But my conversation with a young woman, who is at the head of the work of the English Friends among the university students of Berlin, indicates that the situation is unreasonably hard. She was feeding one thousand students at a midday meal, and they had very little else to eat during the day. They were living in garrets, in garages, in improvised shacks on the university grounds, neither food nor shelter being adequate. They were mainly the sons of middle-class Germans who were destitute. The economic situation evidently makes it practically a capital offense to have brains and to desire to develop them; which is not a happy augury for the future of the country.

I got another glimpse from this Quaker girl of what war does. A few years ago she had charge of a certain reconstruction section of Poland. She called my attention to the fact that the migration from Poland during the war was the greatest in history. Eight millions were scattered all over Russia, and they came back after the war. The first thing the Quakers had to do was to kill the lice. By the way, no children under six years of age came back. They were all dead. The refugees returned in the same clothes which they wore away two or three years before. They were swarming with lice. They thought the lice were healthy. The first thing that was to be done was to convince them that it was not a good thing to have lice. And those folks came back to the spots where their homes had been and found nothing but holes in the ground and dust and unexploded shells and barbed wire.

The social disintegration of Germany appears in some of the cities particularly affected by the economic crisis in the form of crowds of little children surrounding foreign automobiles to beg for a little money. I never heard of anything like it in Germany before. In Italy and the East, but not in Germany.

The Penalty Strikes the Wrong People.

In some quarters physical disintegration has set in. In Berlin, in certain of the most densely populated wards large numbers of children are reported by the Government to be developing tubercular bones through undernourishment. And a most pathetic place to visit is one of the great outdoor hospitals where the sunlight cure is being employed upon hundreds of these children.

Some parts of Germany are now paying part of the penalty for the horror which the military brutality and folly of that country produced in the world. But the trouble is that the suffering is so largely vicarious. The wrong people are being punished, especially little children who were not even born when the war was on.

Unrest in Religion.

There is what is known as the Youth Movement in Germany, a movement initiated to develop athletics and moral vigor in the young, in the place of the old militaristic training and education. At a convention of the Youth Movement in Dresden the leading speaker said in substance: "Millions have broken with the Church. The Church led us into the war, said it was a holy war and took the side of the Hohenzollern Government. The Church has degraded our ideals, and killed thousands of our best and bravest. We are seeking now our Christianity outside the Church."

Is It Too Christian?

As he concludes his Note-Book Senator Davenport will tell what he believes America ought to do to help end Europe's distress. He thinks his is a Christian suggestion—perhaps too Christian. Some readers may think differently. We have our opinion, which we may give when Mr. Davenport gives his.

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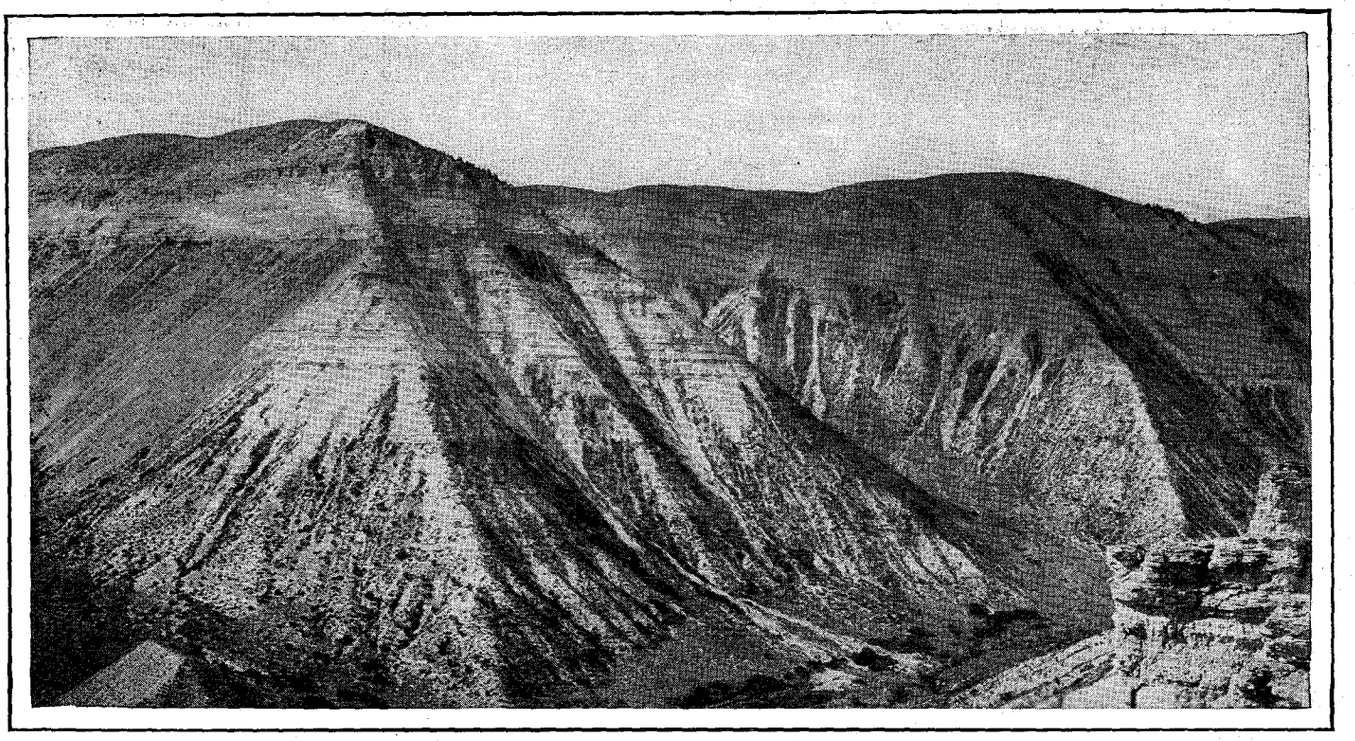

TYPICAL OIL-SHALE FORMATION NEAR DE BEQUE, COLORADO. THE DARKER (AND MORE RESISTANT) BEDS ARE RICHER SHALES

THE OIL-SHALES OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE FUTURE OF THE PETROLEUM SUPPLY

BY RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY

IT may be a fact, and it may be nothing but a scare, but the United States Geological Survey, backed by the Bureau of Mines, reports that there are only about 9,000,000,000 barrels of crude oil now remaining in the ground in this country "recoverable by current production methods." Since this report comes from Government sources, which are not given to rushing into "scare" headlines, we must take the statement as we find it. But you and I, oildom, and the Government agencies know the liability to error in estimating underground sources of supply of anything—coal, copper, water, or oil. Such estimates are little better than educated guesses, in any case.

But scare, guess, or fact, the statement comes to us from competent, disinterested authority—probably as competent and certainly as disinterested as any. Let us see what it means by applying a few figures that are indisputable facts.

Each year since 1916 the people of the United States have been consuming more petroleum than their wells have been producing, and have been making up the deficiency with imports—very largely from Mexico. In 1916 we produced 301,000,000 barrels, consumed 319,000,000, and imported 21,000,000. In constantly increasing quantity, year by year, 1922 saw a production of 551,000,000 barrels, a consumption of 586,000,000, and an import of 135,000,000. It doesn't require a professor of mathematics to figure out that, at current rate of consumption and production, our 9,000,000,000 barrels will last but about eighteen years! Worse yet. This country isn't going to stand still with respect to the use of oil. Between 1916 and the present year both production and consumption increased about eighty per cent. If anything like a similar increase is to continue, we shall be out of oil in much less than eighteen years, provided the authorities are right. The authorities hedge, however, by inserting the clause "recoverable by current production methods." This may or may not mean much.

But enough of figures. It seems clear that before many years there is likely to be a petroleum shortage, and what then? Oildom doesn't seem greatly disturbed. It goes merrily on producing and we prodigally consuming just as if there was no limit to the supply. New wells "come in," delivering immense quantities of oil—presumably a part of the 9,000,000,000 reserve barrels.

Does this mean that in a few years we shall have to "garage" our automobiles and leave them there to rust? Does it mean that the enormous industry that has grown up in response to the facility of operation supplied by oil will be obliged to find some other motive power; that we must scrap our airplanes, motor boats, and oil stoves? Probably not. It is more than likely that other "production methods" than those "current" may be discovered; and, again, there are imports.

But the total annual world production of oil outside of the United States is only about 300,000,000 barrels—less than we consume each year—and by far the larger portion of this comes from Mexico, whose wells are known to be on the decline. All the other countries together do not now produce at "current methods" enough oil in a whole year to satisfy Uncle Sam's Gargantuan appetite for two months!

But the United States Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, and the members of the American Mining Congress believe there is a solution of the petroleum problem quite irrespective of Mexico, the rest of the oil-producing world, and Admiral Chester. Thinking far in advance of the prodigal oil producers, these bureaus and societies, aided by technicians from the universities, have been quietly investigating the potential oil supply known to exist in the vast deposits of oil-shales in many of our States. It has long been known that there are mountains of these shales in Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California,

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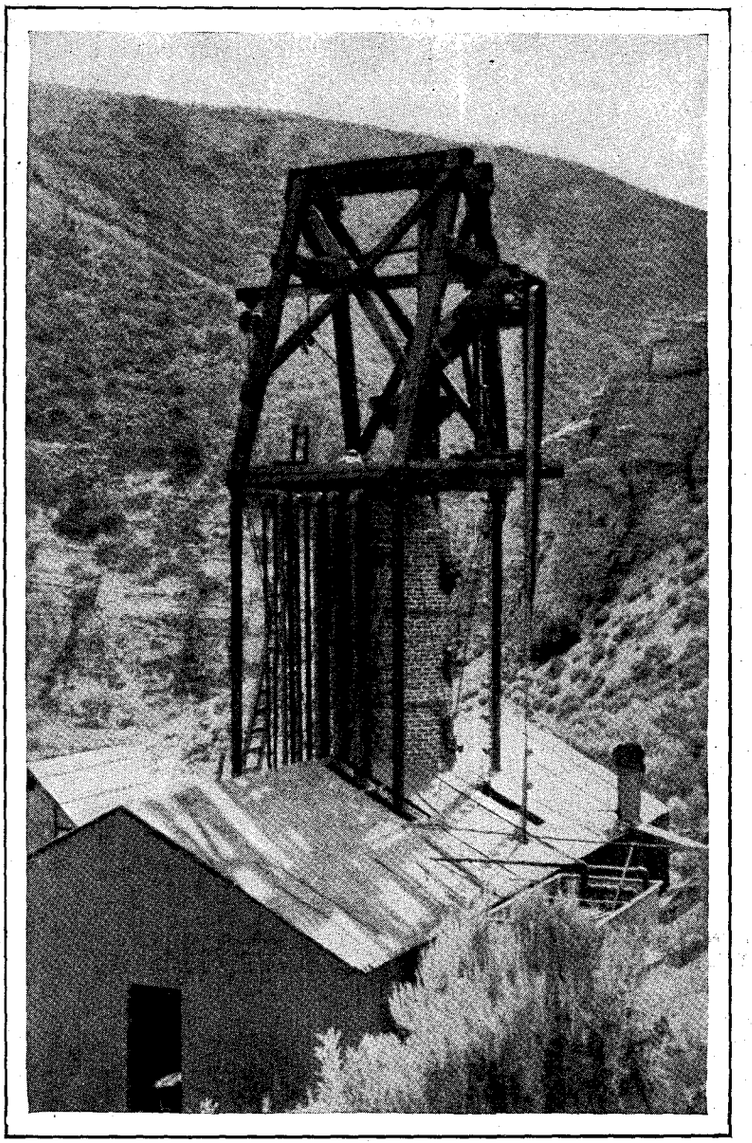
Wyoming, Montana, Texas, and other Western States where shale deposits are found in veins ranging from ten to sixty feet in thickness and extending to unknown limits into the mountains. It has long been well known that large deposits exist in the States farther east—in Kentucky, Indiana, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and in many foreign countries. It has long been well known to the "trade" that the extraction of crude oil and the refining thereof from oil-shales has been a large and profitable industry in Scotland for many years. But the information was vague and the subject uninteresting. Why bother about oil-shales, said oildom, when there is plenty of well oil to be pumped from the ground? With the publication of the 9,000,000,000-barrel figures, however, oil men woke up. The United States Bureau of Mines delegated Mr. Martin J. Garvin to investigate and report, and his Bulletin 210 of the Bureau last year contained about the first authoritative information on oil-shales that had been published.

Following this report the American Mining Congress some time ago convened in a session at Cleveland for the special purpose of discussing oil-shales. At that convention the members officially placed their stamp of approval on oil-shales as our future oil hope.

From the text of Mr. Garvin's Bulletin, from transactions and discussions of the Mining Congress, from professional papers read before other engineering and mining societies, and from talks with oil men who have conducted investigations and experiments in oil-shales I have information which I summarize in what follows:



VERTICAL OIL SHALE RETORT, IN COLORADO

Nobody has yet been bold enough to estimate the quantity of oil-shale or of shale oil existing in this country and elsewhere. For the present it is sufficient to say that it is enormous. Occurring in a compact laminated rock formation of sedimentary origin and containing a varying amount of organic matter, the shales are the product of many geological ages—Devonian, Triassic, Tertiary, Carboniferous, Cretaceous, and Permian. The by-products are numerous and valuable and include hydrocarbon gas, ammonia, gasoline, kerosene, lubrication oil, paraffin, dye compounds, explosives, rubber substitutes, paints, alcohols, asphalts, naphtha, fuel oil, wax, and carbon black. Ichthyol is added to the list in some shales. Gasoline is of course the main and most valuable product, it being in volume about twenty-five per cent of the total recovery.

In every known instance the shales occur with so heavy an overburden of mountain that mining must be conducted after the manner of mining other underground products—coal, copper, and the like—by means of tunnel, shaft, and stope. The operation of mining, therefore, presents no difficulties not met and solved long ago. The shale must then be crushed by ordinary methods, which again offers no serious physical difficulty. The product is then ready for retorting and refining, and here is where the difficulty begins. It has been found that Scotch methods of refining will not serve with the American shales, and a small army of experimenters has been independently at work in Colorado, Utah, and other Western States trying out various types of retorts. Up to the present time, so far as the writer has been able to inform himself, practically no shale oil has been refined and placed commercially on the market. At the Mining Congress at Cleveland retorting and refining methods were discussed and views exchanged. Although compelled to admit that success had not been attained so far as commercial production is concerned, each participant in the discussions was most optimistic of the future—none doubting that a successful retort would eventually be perfected. It is going to be a case of "needs must when the devil drives," and all were convinced that the devil would soon be driving in the shape of a disappearing oil supply.

The average content of American oil-shales is approximately 42 gallons (one barrel) to a ton of shale. Instances of a much larger yield are, however, quite common, running sometimes as high as 80 to 100 gallons per ton.

When the oil-shale industry gets down to commercial production, the richness of the shale will be an important factor in choosing locations for operation, for the cost of production will be a crucial matter. This is one of the reasons why oil engineers are not yet willing to say they have solved the commercial refining of the crushed shale—they have not solved it commercially. It must be evident that the oil-shale industry has a hard row to hoe in competition with a product that is ready for refining as soon as it comes from the ground. At present

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prices of oil and until an economical retort has been devised it can hardly be a competitor. The mining and crushing expense that must precede refining raises a serious handicap. That the time will come when this handicap will disappear, owing to the expected scarcity of well oil and consequent price rise, is evidenced by the fact that nearly every large oil company in the world has taken the precaution to supply itself with large areas of oil-shale properties. They thus throw out an anchor to windward against a storm. Some are conducting retorting experiments while they wait, others are merely sitting on their holdings. Some are interesting themselves with experiments in the by-products, hoping to see money enough in one or more of these to tide over the time of waiting. The manufacture of carbon black has received much attention at the hands of shale-oil men, since the present time finds that industry in a more or less unsettled condition. Paraffin and wax production, also, are important by-products to which the shale-oil men are now turning, for it has been pointed out that these commodities are some of the principal and most valuable of the commercial by-products of the Scotch refineries.

It would be a world calamity if the supply of oil were actually to give out, and the warning given by the Geological Survey was, no doubt, well timed. It has spurred oildom into activity, and these men have the reputation of being "go-getters." So don't scrap your automobile just yet. Better be prepared, however, to pay a higher price for your "juice" within the next few years.

APPLIED SENSE IN REHABILITATION

BY STANLEY FROST

IT would be comforting to report that Canada had achieved her great success in caring for disabled veterans by means of some wise formula or some clever system which we could enact into law, thus promptly and easily getting the same happy results. Unfortunately, she seems to have no such formula; her system is almost the same as ours, her methods are not greatly different. The peculiar thing about her is merely that her men did a good job. They did it by the difficult and complicated method of using brains, devotion, sympathy, and applied common sense—things much harder than applying any formula.

It should be explained at the beginning that the conclusions drawn in this article are my own. The Canadian officials of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment refused to make any criticism of the methods of the United States Veterans' Bureau or any comparison between its work and theirs. They talked frankly and fully of their own work and the reasons for its success or failure, but left the reporter to form opinions as best he might.

FROM the first of the inquiry the thing that seemed most sharply to distinguish the Canadian work from ours, from whatever angle it is viewed, is that it aims to take complete care of the veterans, *but not to do anything else on earth.* It does not try to make political capital for any party or politician; no man has been allowed to use the service as a parking place for useless but deserving friends, nor to divert its resources or power to the repair of political fences. It is not conducted with an eye to the profit of politically spawned schools or hospitals nor of politically protected contractors or employers. All it has to do is to do its work. This is a great advantage.

MUST the men who were injured fighting for us be always the victims of politics? In Canada disabled veterans are not. We asked Stanley Frost to find out how they escaped what our veterans have had to suffer. He went to Canada and got his information first hand. Last week he told in what respect Canada's Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment had succeeded while our Veterans' Bureau had failed. This week he tells why Canada has succeeded in making disabled veterans self-confident and why our Veterans' Bureau has not. Here is something to make Americans stop, listen, and act.

The service has from the first been in the hands of men selected solely because they were likely to do the work well, able to keep their places only by doing it well, and not prevented doing it the best they could. They were set to work in time—ours were not; they gathered all the information that was to be had, looked over the job in a sympathetic but cold-bloodedly scientific and utterly hard-boiled and unsentimental manner, visualized its possibilities, its difficulties, and its impossibilities, and planned accordingly. Our work has never had any real plan! The Canadians laid down a definite programme, worked out in detail. They then began work with cautious experiments and corrected both methods and policies when these experiments gave reason.

Our own political job-holders did not do any of these things, being politicians. Men engaged in making a political record do not dare admit and correct mistakes, while men engaged in doing a job are anxious to find and correct errors before things go very wrong.

The clearness and distinctness of purpose and policy which were achieved by putting unhampered experts at the work, and by their application of hard sense to their problems, are shown by the way in which they attacked the question of vocational rehabilitation. In the United States Veterans' Bureau no one even yet seems to know exactly what it is trying to do, but the following statement of the Canadian policy was in working order more than three years ago:

> In retraining disabled soldiers, most of whom, by the way, are unskilled men without definite occupations, or of the less highly skilled occupations, two courses are open to the Government:
>
> 1. To take all these men and train them in the highly skilled trades . . . which if they have no skill to build upon would take from one to three years or possibly more;
>
> 2-A. If they are skilled in some occupation, to build on that foundation by training them to some lighter occupation closely allied to it, where their former experience may be of use; or,
>
> 2-B. If they have no former skill to build upon, to train them in some occupation (not piece-work) in which they will be able to earn a full living wage. This can be accomplished in an average of six to eight months.

The second method has been adopted

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as a general principle in all Allied and enemy countries. . . . It is definitely a part of the policy to train a man in an occupation as closely allied to his former one as possible.

Note how this saved Canada from our absurdities in trying to train ditch-diggers as telegraphers or stokers as proof-readers, and narrowed to a minimum the possibilities of waste and folly. The further formulation of policy provided that the trainee must be satisfied with the course selected for him, but that it was the duty of the Department officers to see that this course was the right one and to make the man see it too. Our own policy can best be defined as one that gave the man a first guess, and the officer power to try a second guess and make the man take it.

This placed a heavy responsibility on the officer and a delicate one. Nearly fifty per cent of the men, it was found, would choose a wrong course of training if left to themselves, and this was a sure road to grief. With all possible care, four-fifths of the troubles of the Department came from mistakes at this point, one official told me. But the interviewer was not permitted merely to order a man to take some other course; he had to convince him, to insure his own earnest co-operation and best efforts.

THE same heavy responsibility ran all along the line; the success of hospital work, of the training itself, of the soldiers' aid work of all kinds, the general satisfaction of the men, the administration of relief without pauperization—all these depended entirely on the character and ability of the officers in actual contact.

We selected men for these delicate tasks by a combination of political jobbery and Civil Service formalism, keeping the salaries so low that almost no really able man could afford to take the jobs. Canada, having placed able and expert men in charge, allowed them free hand in the selection of subordinates, and, what is more, free hand in paying them. Thus the Canadian service got the best men there were, drawing from all walks of life as needed. They even sent to the States for one man to do an especially difficult piece of work—an action almost unthinkable to any United States executive. They paid them salaries which would attract and hold the best. Many of the officers made personal sacrifices in addition from patriotic motives, but on the average the salaries were about double those in this country. Their doctors averaged above $5,000 to less than $3,000 for ours; their contact men got $3,000 and up, compared to $2,200 and down in this country. Thus their work was done by expert and successful men; ours, mostly by dubs and political hacks.

Here, for example, are the qualifications laid down for the contact man—the simplest common sense, and yet impossible to put into a Civil Service examination and equally impossible to trust to an executive working on the back-scratching principles that govern our administration. He must be an overseas man, must have information about the trades and industry from personal experience, must be kindly, understanding, sympathetic, patient. But he was not required to know the boundaries of Indo-China nor the meaning of "isotherm." Men so chosen naturally could do the work.

IT is impossible to overstate the value of this high-grade personnel; the whole success of the work hinged on it. In the States we tried to stuff the gap with red tape, and made matters worse. In spite of all forms, the blunders of subordinates permitted scandals in the contract hospitals and schools, the exploitation of trainees by employers, misconduct of various kinds by trainees or hospital patients—a sickening list of evils. Canada put on her inspectors and contact men far more responsibility than we dared, yet they met the trust, being good men.

Also, with their freedom in selecting men, the officials were able to get, not only information and help, but valuable co-operation in delicate situations. One such was in relations with the labor unions. The unions there, as here, were alarmed for fear that the trainees would suddenly overcrowd the trades and force a cut in wages or serious unemployment. Considerable opposition sprang up, but the Department met the danger by calling in as labor adviser one of the most vigorous and trusted of the union leaders. A few changes were made at his suggestion; more important, he was able to see from the inside the exact situation and to reassure the unions and turn opposition into friendly co-operation. Our own Veterans' Bureau, by the way, has not yet reached any working agreement with the unions.

Having selected such men, Canada saw that they were not interfered with nor put under any obligations except to their own superiors. It is impossible to make any one not familiar with the workings of our own Bureau understand how much that means. The men did not have to cater to politicians in any way, to handle any case on anything but its merits, to stretch the law for the benefit of any politician's pet, or even to interrupt their work to placate vote-grabbers.

Instead, the Department was run on a strictly business basis, a thing which I believe has never yet happened in the United States. Sir James Lougheed, the Minister, was a hard-headed business man, with a Scotch habit of getting results and making every cent show a passport before it left him. He kept the power to discharge any employee on the spot—without benefit of Civil Service protection for incompetents—and held every man on his toes. The same attitude and efficiency have been continued by Dr. H. S. Beland, the present Minister.

AN example of this business management was the system of adjusting the size of hospital staffs. In this country the staff is appointed according to the rated capacity of the hospital, with little regard for the number of patients there happen to be on hand. But the Canadian Department, after a survey of some 600 hospitals all over the world, worked out a formula showing just how many attendants of each kind are needed by a given number and type of patients. Weekly reports gave the number of patients in each hospital, and the staff was made to fit. This system saved millions, literally.

Another thing was the careful working out of the training courses. The work at first was in the hands of professional educators; shortly employers and scientists and labor experts were called in and the plan of study was gone over thoroughly. It was decided that the best training could be given in the shops, with schools merely as the auxiliaries for teaching theory. (Our shop training, thanks to poor supervision, has been one of our weakest spots.) It was determined exactly how much training was necessary to prepare a man for self-support in any given trade. The result was courses averaging seven months—ours average twenty-seven—and a saving of over three thousand dollars on each man trained.

Running expenses also received attention. Sir James was interested in the pennies, and when a hospital was found to be paying two cents a week more per man for food materials a letter went to that hospital by the next mail—not a pleasant letter. All of which goes to show why the Canadian work has cost only about a third as much per man as ours has. Incidentally, her overhead or administration costs are only 6.6 per cent of the total spent, ours are somewhere around 10 per cent.

The freedom from political fear with which the Canadian officials were blessed enabled them to meet openly one problem which United States officials hardly dare mention above a whisper—the danger of making habitual paupers and professional beggars out of some of the veterans by too generous or too prolonged aid. The fear of veterans' votes makes it dangerous for a politician to hint that any veteran may be anything less than a

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saint. The Canadian officials are not politicians, and so can be open in declaring that they do not believe they are doing any man a favor by depriving him of self-reliance and the self-respect that goes with it. We too often act as if this were a fine and noble thing to do.

So Canada set out from the start to prevent this. The experience of this country was used as a horrible example. The story of the United States pension scandal, written by Burton J. Hendrick, a United States citizen, was put in the hands of every legislator and every official having anything to do with the veterans. All policies were carefully planned to avoid the evils which that pension record shows.

In the first place, all pay and allowances—except pensions for permanent disability—were kept low. Canada does not—as we do—reward a man for keeping on the sick list or being slow in his training. The man in hospital is well taken care of, but not paid enough to make it profitable for him to stay sick as long as he can or to discover an illness when he has none. There was too much generosity in this at first, and when the error was discovered a resurvey of the hospitals showed that about a third of the patients should not be there. Since there was no general criticism when this third of the total hospital patients were incontinently turned out of doors, it is safe to assume that the resurvey was fair and accurate.

THERE is no reward, either, for the man who delays finishing his training. The training pay is adequate, but not quite what a man can make at regular work. Moreover, the pay a trainee gets depends entirely on his working. We pay by the month whether a man works or loafs, but Canada pays only for the work he actually does. Thus there has been none of the slacking, malingering, and evasion which have hampered our training. The men were anxious to finish, they worked their best, and got on their own feet as soon as ever they could.

There was one mistake made in regard to self-respect, the officials admit. This came during the period of unemployment which hit Canada a couple of years ago. Many veterans were thrown out of work along with the rest, and the Department instituted a system of relief by which unemployed men might draw as much as $75 a month. The result was disheartening. It was soon found that many men were throwing up jobs for the sake of getting the relief money. One who had been earning $100 a month was called on the carpet. "Sure I quit," he grinned. "What for should I work hard for only $25 a month?" Some even spent their time urging friends to get "in on the soft snap." So as soon as the worst of the winter was over the unemployment relief was stopped. Instantly about ninety-five per cent of the "cases" vanished—went to work. The few who remained were taken care of without advertising.

THE restoration of self-confidence began even in the hospitals. Ward occupations were introduced, so that by the time a man could move about he had already learned that he was not quite helpless. As men grew stronger they were sent into "curative workshops," where their self-confidence was further restored through doing more and more difficult work. Neither of these activities had any direct vocational purpose, but they did bring the men to the point where they were mentally prepared to work as soon as they were physically able.

In general the whole policy of Canada has been to avoid making any distinction between the veteran and the ordinary citizen so far as any claim upon the Government is concerned except when that claim is based on injury received in the service of the country. It does its utmost to care for such injuries, but it does not consider that the fact that a man did his duty patriotically entitles him to any preference over other men whose duty may have been of other kinds, nor to any coddling whatever. It has abolished all agencies which might set the veteran apart from other citizens, and, in fact, so far as can be seen, the average Canadian veteran does not think of himself as different, either socially or politically.

The crowning success of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment was in its personal relations with the men, and this again came from its high-grade personnel. Our Bureau's understrappers too often were overbearing, discourteous, offensive, with a general "take it or leave it and go to hell anyway" manner. The Canadians were both selected and trained to be considerate, diplomatic, to conciliate the men in every way that did not prevent effective work, to take constant pains to meet their prejudices and to do the little, important, kindly things.

One policy early adopted was that none but overseas men, by preference men who had been in the thick, were ever brought into contact with the veterans. Such men had the veteran's point of view, understood his difficulties, could talk his language. Another policy was that of prompt action, with instant relief for pressing needs. Another was attention to small details; comfortable rooms for men waiting to be heard, dainty service of food in the hospitals, pleasant speech, and smiling welcomes. Another was that of cooperation with the men. The officials were "the veteran's friends, not the guard at the door." They were careful to permit no excessive demand to slip by, but they were also always careful to see that each man got all that he was entitled to. One contact man told me that he believed this attitude had done more to insure the good will of the veterans than all the benefits the Department could give.

IN fairness to the officials of the United States Veterans' Bureau, it must be pointed out that they had no such chance to do good work as was given to the Canadians. Congress prevented that; it imposed political appointees and log-rolling methods on our veterans' agencies from the start. It is responsible for the too low pay of the workers and the too high allowances to trainees and sick men. It made the officials play politics first and do their work afterward—if at all.

Canadian Government officials in general have this great advantage over ours. Politics and administration are kept apart there, with rare exceptions. Politics sometimes does influence high appointments, but the work of administration never. The executive heads of all the departments—the Deputy Ministers—are permanently beyond the reach of politics. Just now, for example, the Government is under heavy pressure to remove one such man, but will not, because of the danger that the precedent would admit political evils into the executive machinery. So in Canada Government work can be done on the basis of the work itself, and one of the evils which we have come to think of as an unavoidable evil of democracy is almost entirely avoided.

The one comfort in the situation is that whenever we wish to make our own politicians keep their hands off we can. We pick them and can control them if we will take the trouble. And in the immedate situation we could, without much trouble, make Congress give our Veterans' Bureau a fair chance to do what Canada has done.

CANADA keeps out the aliens she does not want, and the aliens she wants she gets. How does she do it? We asked Stanley Frost to find out. He made inquiry of the highest authorities in Canada. The answer crams two articles to the brim. The first will be printed soon—in a week or two.

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LEADING IN THE WINNER—MR. B. IRISH, A TENANT FARMER, TAKES THE SALUTATIONS FOR PAPYRUS; DONOGHUE UP

WHEN PAPYRUS WON THE DERBY

THE MOST ENGLISH THING IN ENGLAND

BY C. P. RUSSELL

"HOW," the visitor from across the Big Water sometimes asks, "can I see the most of England in the least space and in the least time?"

The answer must be, "Go to the Derby."

There is England, both old and new; and there are the English, hundreds of thousands of them, stripped of their customary reserve and glad to be rid of it, and all bent on indulging to the joyfulest extent the thing which grips the population of the British Isles more than any other—the passion for racing.

The Derby (always pronounced "Darby") is the chiefest and most adored of the classic races which from April to October every year engage the absorbed interest and devotion of the true-born Briton as no other sport does—not even football, which during the winter season draws throngs that make the attendance at an American baseball game look apathetic. It takes place at Epsom—which gives its name to a certain well-known medicinal preparation—usually during the first week in June. Epsom is only some twenty miles from London, and is easily reached by rail or motor; therefore the visitor who wishes to see, study, and marvel at the mightiest of British holiday gatherings would do well to arrange to be present.

FOR nearly a hundred and fifty years the great horse-races in England—called "classics"—have been those for three-year-olds. Now Papyrus, the winner of this year's Derby, the chief of these races, has crossed the ocean to meet the best of the three-year-olds of America. On October 20 he will run against the Jockey Club's selection—H. F. Sinclair's Zev. Here is the story of Papyrus's victory in the Derby, that most English of English events.

It would be wrong to regard the Derby as a mere racing meet; it is more than that. It is a kind of national—even racial—festival in which all classes of English society, from noble lords to servant girls, abandon themselves to a delirium of excitement. No other event rivals it in public attention. Gossip concerning it and its probable horses and jockeys begins a year beforehand. Even New Year's Day is greeted as the herald of the Derby Day, only six months distant.

As the event draws near all the usual political, economic, or social questions that have been troubling the population are laid aside. Nothing matters except the Derby. The chimney-sweep brushes the soot out of his eyes to read the racing column in his favorite newspaper. The grocer's boy and the cook swap tips at the back door. The barber asks you what you think of a certain horse as he piles lather upon your countenance. The condition of the favorite for the race produces more public anxiety than that of the royal baby, and the leading jockey is more talked about than any governmental potentate.

It must be remembered that horse-racing is not a moral question in England. Betting is regarded with an indulgent eye by the authorities of both Church and State; but even those persons who are squeamish for the rest of the year would feel faithless to a great tradition if they did not have a little "something" on the result of the

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Derby. Hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling change hands on the festal day, and fortunes are won on the sweepstakes organized in every club and office. This year a workingwoman in Lancashire won the equivalent of more than $150,000 in a "sweep," and last year a Liverpool typist won double that sum. Even members of the clergy have been known to betray acute anxiety about the results of a "draw."

Though Derby Day is not officially a holiday, it is observed as one, at least in southern England. Those London business offices that keep open see little genuine work done. And it is useless to ask for the "chief" on that day —you may depend upon it he has gone to the Derby.

The Epsom race-course is situated in the midst of a group of the famous Downs of Surrey. The American visitor sometimes wonders why they are not called "Ups" instead, for they are rolling hills that often present steep faces.

For days before the Derby the Downs are inhabited by an ever-thickening army of gypsies, caravaners, hawkers, venders, sharpers, and other hangers-on, all intent on getting, by one device or another, some share of the money which more than two hundred thousand persons are expected to bring. Booths and stalls spring up in endless rows.

On the morning of the day every gypsy woman emerges in her brightest ribbons and largest earrings; costers covered with pearl buttons shout aloud their wares; the shell-and-pea sharper dons his highest gray hat; 'Erbert and 'Arriet are already here in hastening thousands; the Downs purr with endless streams of motors; swooping airplanes guide the traffic by wireless; long trains disgorge the "punter," as the small better is known, in eager armies; everybody hurries with the nervous hurry that distinguishes circus-day crowds, though it is hours before the races start.

It all seems tremendously noisy, confused, and feverish, but already the veteran race-goer is shaking his head. "Darby Day is not like it useter was," he says; "people don't get drunk enough! Nobody's got more than the price of a pint o' bitter nowadays," he complains. But the bookmakers are already rapidly filling their satchels with shillings and 'arf-crowns and handing out tickets with a practiced thrust. "Gog," "Billy Levy of Brixton," "Jem—the Man You All Know," "Jack Joream, He Gives You a Run"—they are all here, bawling "Six to one bar one" with all the weird intonations of the race-track.

At last the unimportant selling-plate races are over. It is getting towards three o'clock, the time of the big race. The stands are now too crowded to sit down; one must stand and crane his neck if he is to see anything. Over the face of the Downs the masses sway like troubled bees. Rows of motor cars and omnibuses stretch into the distance. The rich green turf is black with hats and shoulders. Odors of ale and beer sweep one's nostrils. The bookmakers' shouts grow shriller and shriller. But there is remarkably little disorder. The police are numerous, but have little to do except to keep the course clear.

There is a long expectant pause, and then—"Here they come!" The sunlight glints on blobs of color coming up the track. It is the pre-Derby parade of horses and jockeys. No horse is over three years old. They pass before the stands in a long line. A little black colt prances nervously and pulls on his reins. But the big gray next to him walks as sedately as a schoolmaster. Some one says So-and-so is switching his tail—a bad sign.

Some one else says the favorite is walking stiffly, but his companion says he only imagines it.

There is a sudden shout and hats are tossed. It is the Prince of Wales. With a friend on either side, he takes his place in the fringe of spectators lining the course and watches the parade go by.

There is another shout, and voices cry, "Steve!" This is the crowd's greeting to Donoghue, its darling jockey. He turns and grins slightly. His eyes are bright like a bird's. He has won two Derbies in succession. Can he win the third? That is something no jockey has ever done.

Now the parade is over, and the horses turn and dart for the starting-post. The betting rings seethe and boil as the last few bets go down. One pulls his toe out from under a heavy neighbor's feet and wishes he had something very wet to drink. There comes a thick silence as the horses are faintly visible in the distance on top of the hill, lining up at the post. A long delay, and then, "They're off!"

A mist descends and obscures the course. Two tense minutes go by. And then two horses dart out of the ruck, well in advance of the bobbing group behind. The black horse responds to a touch of the whip and voices cry, "Pharos is winning it!"

"Not 'arf!" comes the reply. "It's Steve's race! Come on, Steve! Good old Steve! Steve, Steve, Steve!"

The little horse on the rails spurts as his jockey lifts his whip and shakes it. The black horse hangs on gamely. But Donoghue's mount is gamer. His legs twinkling, his mane flying, he forges ahead, foot by foot. The black is done. The little horse on the rails stretches himself yet closer to the ground. He flashes in front of the post by a good length.

Donoghue has won the Derby for the third successive time! Papyrus, owned by a tenant farmer who trains only one other horse, has beat the pampered favorites of the nobility.

It is an enormously popular victory, and the crowd swarms down to surround the grinning winner. A million extra pints will be drunk the night, for every office boy and servant girl in London "backed Steve."

No, do not miss the Derby. It represents an England you see only one day in the year.

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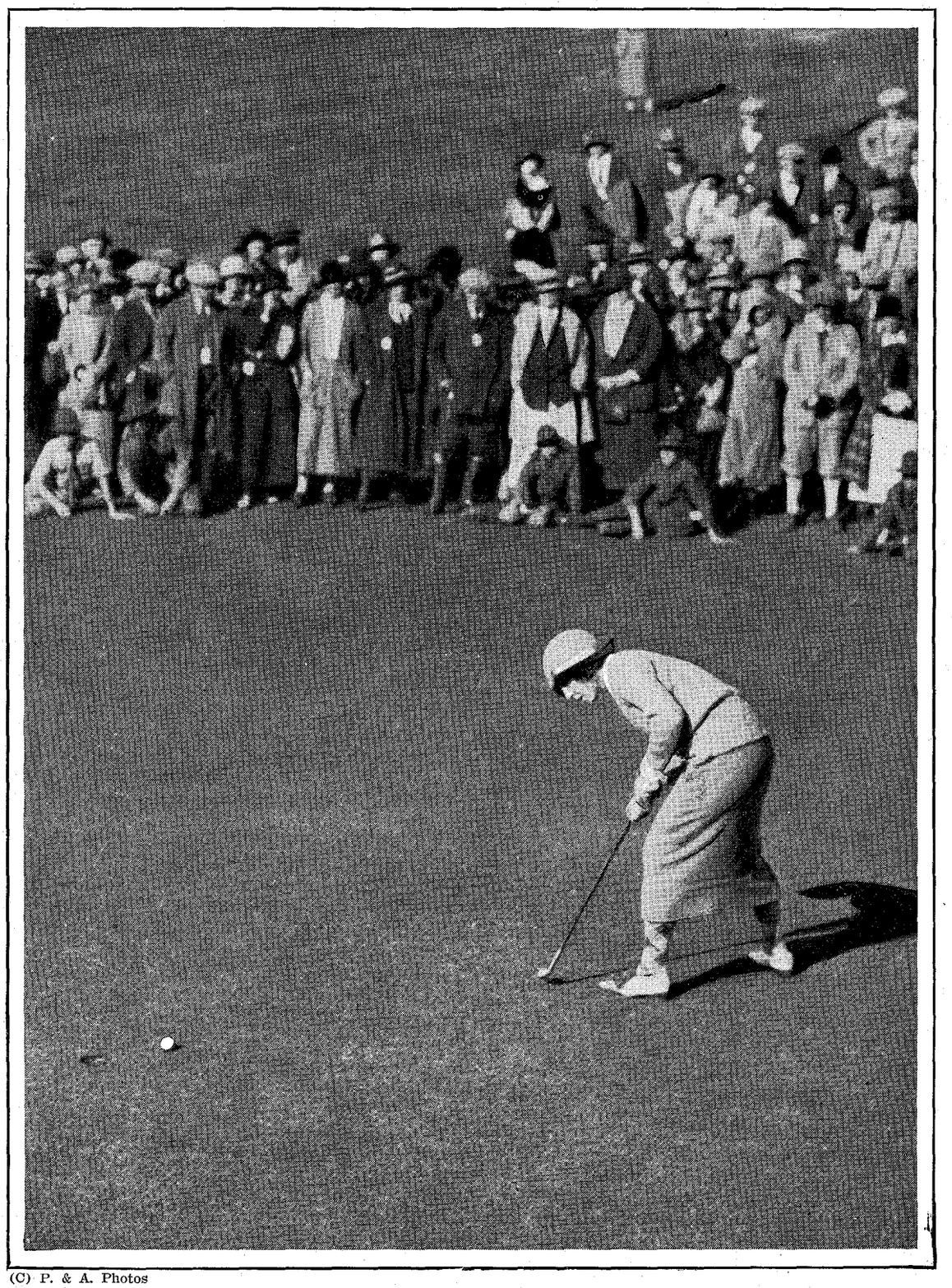

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MISS EDITH CUMMINGS, OF CHICAGO, WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE WESTCHESTER-BILTMORE GOLF LINKS AT RYE, NEW YORK

She is putting on the fourth green in her match with Miss Alexa Stirling, champion in 1916, 1919, and 1920. This was the final match, and Miss Cummings (after trailing her opponent) won three up and two to play

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THE BOOK TABLE

WAS "ROBINSON CRUSOE" WRITTEN BY A HOLLANDER?

BY ARNOLD MULDER

DR. LUCIUS L. HUBBARD, of the University of Michigan, has published a book, "A Dutch Source of Robinson Crusoe,"[1] that deserves the interest of students of English literature. It is of course too much to expect that the general reader shall be interested in the sources of any piece of literature. It is hard enough to win the attention of said G. R. for the works of art themselves. When "The Marble Faun" was published, Hawthorne, who was in England at the time, complained to Fields, his American publisher, that the English public was not bothering its head about the new book, but was all worked up about a prize-fight between an American champion called Heenan and an Englishman he does not name. In the face of this international fistic crisis, what chance was there for an immortal novel? "No moral or intellectual triumph," writes Hawthorne, "that we can possibly win would inspire them [the English] with half the respect or half the mortification that the loss of this fight would have caused them." And if "Paradise Lost" had been published in America July 4, 1923, instead of in seventeenth-century England, there would not have been room left in the newspapers to give it a five-line notice because of another internationally important pummeling match—so far is grandeur still from our dust, so far is man from God.

In 1708, eleven years before the appearance of "Robinson Crusoe" in England, Hendrik Smeeks published a book in the Netherlands called "A Description of the Mighty Kingdom of Krinke Kesmes," which contained an episode describing the life of a marooned sailor on an isolated island remarkably like "Robinson Crusoe." This book had only an ephemeral existence in the Netherlands, where the last of four editions appeared in 1776, and in Germany, where the editions were fewer still. It seems to have escaped altogether, until quite recently, the notice of scholars in other countries, and the debt that Daniel Defoe probably owes to its Dutch author was not pointed out until Mr. Hubbard's book appeared.

The marooned sailor episode of the Dutch story was translated for the first time by Dr. Hubbard, and he supports with a good deal of force the claim of several Dutch writers, not only that Defoe knew Smeeks's book, but that he borrowed from it extensively. The publication in book form of Hubbard's translation and of parallel passages from "Robinson Crusoe," together with the episode in the original Dutch—the quaint Dutch of two hundred years ago with its now obsolete spelling—and a bibliographical Introduction open the question as to how far Defoe is indebted to the Hollander and how far his own native genius was responsible for the book that has been a world classic for two centuries.

Parenthetically, those candidates for Ph.D. degrees in English literature who are looking for a field to make their own and who want to conquer a world in scholarship that has not yet been overrun again and again by scholars who preceded them can probably do no better than master the Dutch language. There is probably a much closer relationship between Dutch and English literature than the world supposes. Scholars know that "Paradise Lost" owes much to a Dutch epic, "Lucifer," by Joost van den Vondel, but it is probably not so well known that there is opportunity for original research work in the sources of certain of Shakespeare's plays by delving into long-since-forgotten Dutch books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A noted Shakespeare scholar, the author of many volumes on Shakespeare, regretted the fact in my hearing that he did not know Dutch; he looked upon that field as rich in possibilities. And Dr. Hubbard's book is another hint that there may be possibilities in a comparative study of the literatures of the two countries of succeeding centuries as well.

The name of the Dutch Robinson Crusoe is "Sjouke Gabbes." And, as everybody knows, of course the name of the man in real life who was marooned on the island of Juan Fernandez was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch sailor whose single claim to immortality is that he is supposed to have suggested to Defoe the idea for "Robinson Crusoe." Selkirk lived from 1676 to 1721, and "Robinson Crusoe" was published in 1719, two years before the death of the man who is believed to have inspired it. But "Sjouke Gabbes" was published eleven years nearer to the time when the romantic adventure of Alexander Selkirk first stirred the world. It is possible, of course, that both Hendrik Smeeks, the Hollander, and Daniel Defoe, the Englishman, used the Selkirk incident independently and that Defoe owes nothing to Smeeks. But the probabilities are also great that Defoe's imagination was first stirred into action by the Dutch version of the story.

Defoe's life and character lend color to such a supposition. His career was as different as could be from that of the typical man of letters. In prison and out again, a politician who was not above trickery to remain in political favor, a business man who was not always too scrupulous about his methods, a pamphleteer and publisher, a literary Jack-of-all-trades whom some one has called "perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived," he went to many curious devices to make a living. There is no reason to suppose that he appreciated the fact that his name would be listed among the great in English literature. He was during most of his life much more concerned about where his next leg of mutton was to come from than about his name in histories of English literature. In other words, he was a struggling journalist rather than a litterateur; his books were written out of a pressing need for money; and what more natural than that an obscure Dutch book, with a story in it that he immediately felt was admirably suited to his peculiar talent for realistic verisimilitude, should be greedily seized upon by him and turned into copy that could be sold? And even if he did borrow as extensively from Smeeks as the Hubbard book's parallels seem to suggest, that was not considered reprehensible in those days of literary piracy, but was rather a rule. Foreign authors were fair game if they made salable copy.

And even if it should be established beyond the shadow of a doubt that "Sjouke Gabbes" is authentically the source of "Robinson Crusoe," the fact would hardly take an inch from Defoe's literary stature. Scholars have been engaged for centuries in tracing the sources of Shakespeare's plays. And the parallels between some of the older plays and stories that Shakespeare drew on for material and the finished product as published in the First Folio are often quite as close as those that Dr. Hubbard discovers between "Sjouke Gabbes" and "Robinson Crusoe." Shakespeare did not merely take the stories furnished by others; frequently he took the entire framework of an older writer's play and used it for his own purposes. Like the schoolboy who copies in his examination paper the errors of his seatmate, Shakespeare showed his fidelity to his sources almost as much

[1] A Dutch Source of Robinson Crusoe. By Lucius L. Hubbard. George Wahr, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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in the curious historical blunders and in his now famous anachronisms as in transmuting mere prose into deathless poetry. He was not a historian or a geographer who could be expected to know that Bohemia did not have a seacoast, but he was something much greater than scholar or historian—a great poet. And the world has persisted in honoring him, justly so, because of his poetry and has not worried overmuch about the fact that he "lifted" occasional lines and the framework of whole scenes or plays from earlier writers. Those earlier ones, after all, had their opportunity; if they had had literary vitality enough to convert their material into great poetry, they would have made it impracticable for one who came later to use it. The world has consented to the principle that any one who can convert a piece of literature into a greater work of art is not to be without honor.

And that is unquestionably what Daniel Defoe, hack writer, did when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe" if he used Smeeks's book. Hendrik Smeeks had his chance eleven years earlier to challenge the attention of the world and to win immortality with his story of the marooned sailor. But even in his own country the book went through only four editions in more than half a century, and it is revived now, not because it has authentic vitality of its own, but because it is the possible source of an undoubted work of genius. If "Robinson Crusoe" had never been written, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that "Sjouke Gabbes" would ever have been disinterred from its two centuries of oblivion. It does not compel attention for its own sake. Defoe took this story—if he did take it—and converted it into a book that has an independent life of its own. Defoe's book was very soon translated into the very language of its putative source, and it seems to have been able to compete successfully with it in the Netherlands.

And even if it is granted that Defoe owed to "Sjouke Gabbes" all that he is supposed to owe to the Dutch story, the honor of being the author of "Robinson Crusoe" is as great as ever. For the achievement of that book does not lie in the invention of the plot or even in the invention of the incidents of the life on the island; given the former, which unquestionably was suggested by real life, many of the latter were almost inevitable. But to make his marooned sailor more real than a friend one knows intimately, to create a suspense out of the ordinary incidents of his life on the island that sometimes makes the reader of two hundred years after the book was written hold his breath, to arrange the incidents with such a sure sense for verisimilitude that the reader forgets that this is a story and not biography, is a triumph of the imagination that belongs only to genius of the first order.

It is a curious fact that Daniel Defoe has nothing to fear from the discovery of the possible sources of his book, but has everything to fear from the publication of boys' editions of his great classic. The real "Robinson Crusoe" has for a century or more been buried under an avalanche of boys' editions, so much so that the average general reader is not even aware of the book's true character. It is conceivable that a century or two hence the "Robinson Crusoe" as written by Defoe may be as obscure as "Sjouke Gabbes" of Hendrik Smeeks to-day, and that the readers of that day will class "Robinson Crusoe" with "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Little Women" and "Treasure Island" and other "juveniles."

It is, in fact, so classed to-day by probably nine out of ten persons. I have seen it listed as "juvenile" in public libraries, and in common speech it is almost invariably referred to as a boys' book. Almost every literate person is under the impression that he has read "Robinson Crusoe," but an astonishingly large number have never read it as it was written by Defoe. They have read it in childhood in words of one or two syllables, but seldom in the vigorous eighteenth-century prose that has made it a century prose that has made it a world classic. A man may run through it again with his small son in the spirit in which he works over again the arithmetic problems that his boy has to do in school—a wholesome endeavor to enter into the life of his boy and get as close to him as possible. But he reads the Defoe classic in a half-apologetic spirit. If he had no boy, he would of course not do anything so childish.

He does not realize that "Robinson Crusoe" is one of the most mentally mature books in English fiction. In Defoe's day there was no such thing as "juvenile literature." Defoe never set out to be a writer for boys, as his other works plainly show. Such books as "Moll Flanders" and "A Journal of the Plague Year" contain no hint that the author had a juvenile audience in mind. It is purely because of the universal interest of the book that "Robinson Crusoe" has become the property of the boyhood of the world. It is a tribute to Defoe's genius that he could write a story which can at the same time charm the most sophisticated intelligence and the most untutored boy mind. Only writers of first rank can do that.

There is no reason why boys should not continue to enjoy the story as a boys' book and grown-ups as a book for mature minds. "Robinson Crusoe" needs to be rediscovered, and there is adventure of the rarest kind in reading it as Defoe wrote it. It seems a great pity that large numbers who could enjoy the real "Robinson Crusoe" do not to all intents and purposes know that it exists.

"Robinson Crusoe" in its true form is not a romantic story at all, as most people who have read a boys' edition of it suppose it is. It is a piece of realism of the purest type. The frame of the story is of course romantic—the central incident of the shipwrecked mariner on a lonely island. In the hands of a romantic writer this would almost inevitably have led to romantic episodes of the most impossible kind far removed from actuality, and hence completely lacking in verisimilitude. But Defoe was a realist to the very marrow of his bones, and one of the most romantic incidents known to legend or history did not have power to make him turn traitor to his native genius. And English literature is the richer by at least one great classic because of this. And the reader who rediscovers the real "Robinson Crusoe" as a work of the imagination for grown-up minds will be the richer by one novel that can bear reading again and again. Such books are comparatively few, and the persons who make it a practice to read Jane Austen or Henry Fielding once a year can add Daniel Defoe to their list.

For there is another curious fact about "Robinson Crusoe"—it has "killed" all the other books of Defoe for the general reader, just as a rich shade of green gown may "kill" a gown of more subdued green in a ballroom. Such books as "A Journal of the Plague Year" and "Moll Flanders" have a right to recognition on their own account, but they are almost never read because they are by the author of "Robinson Crusoe." The story of Defoe's sailor has so occupied the attention of the world that there seems to be no capacity left to read his other works. This is a common phenomenon in literature. Who reads or has read the other books by the author of "Ben Hur"? Who reads or has read any of the books of Harriet Beecher Stowe except "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? It is a case of the richer green "killing" the more subdued shade, a case of the one famous book "killing" all the other books to which a writer has devoted his life. And the well-known book is not always the writer's best. In Defoe's case it probably is, but some of the other books that stand to his credit are hardly less worth while and would have a high rank in English literature if not overshadowed by "Robinson Crusoe." And if Defoe's other books were "killed" by "Crusoe" in its genuine form, there

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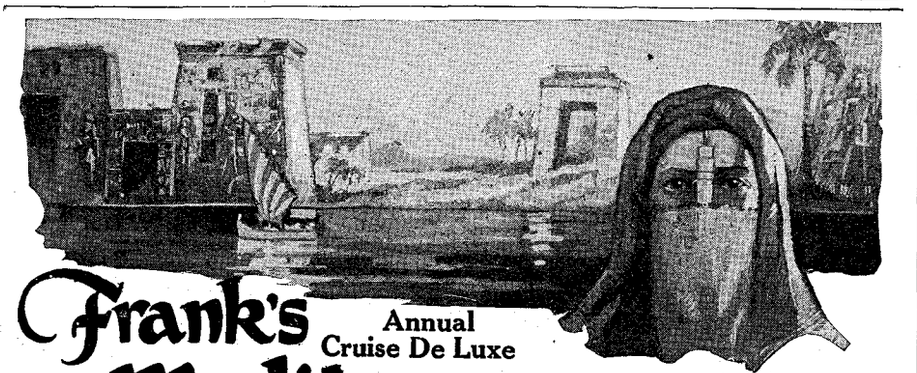

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would be comfort in the thought that at least Defoe was being read at his best, but in reality the undoubted works of art like "A Journal of the Plague Year" and "Moll Flanders" have been crowded out by adaptations of adaptations of the real "Robinson Crusoe." And so Daniel Defoe does not exist for thousands who are capable of enjoying him. Which is a pity.

Such books as Mr. Hubbard's "A Dutch Source of Robinson Crusoe" probably render a real service by helping to give Defoe's great classic back to the world of grown-ups. In doing this men and women will be enriched without in the slightest robbing the boys.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

ARAMINTA. By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

This is truly a "delicious bit of high comedy," as the publishers correctly describe it. But why they also describe it as a "new tale" when the book's own copyright note shows that it was first published in America in 1909 we do not know. We liked this charming "Goose" girl then (and said so in these columns), and on a second reading we like her even better. The book is pure fun, and as such only it is the best thing Mr. Snaith has done.

LORRAINE. By Dorothy Foster Gilman. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This novel relates the adventures in Singapore of a pretty American girl, accustomed by war work to independence and self-reliance, capable and energetic, but unconventional by Anglo-Indian standards. She is there to surprise her fiancé, an English civil servant. She surprises him too much, for he is a martinet on etiquette. In the end the engagement is broken and she marries a fine American man of her own type. The local color is decidedly interesting and there is excitement growing out of native plots and an abortive insurrection.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

TRANQUILLITY HOUSE. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

This is a story for girls and at the same time a mystery story that holds grown-ups who are fond of exciting plot. It is agreeably written.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

HISTORY OF ORNAMENT (A). By A. D. F. Hamlin. The Century Company, New York. $5.

Professor Hamlin in his preface to this important work says that he planned to devote two years to its preparation, but found six years all too little; the reader will wonder that even that period could have sufficed for the vast labor the results of which are compressed within this volume. The characteristics and development of ornament as related to architecture

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and the industrial and decorative arts—ceramics, metal work, textiles, etc.—during the Renaissance and later periods are described with a wealth of knowledge, a judiciousness of comment, and a vivacity of spirit that make a most favorable impression. The daily increasing host of men and women who are becoming interested in the themes treated will find this an inspiring and reliable source of information, and students will welcome it as the opposite of a dry-as-dust treatment of its subject. The illustration is notable for its fullness and intelligent selection.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

LOST KINGDOM OF BURGUNDY (THE). By Robert J. Casey. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Legends of Old Burgundy and the present-day aspects of the surviving cities of that lost kingdom are here pleasantly intermingled by the author in a flowing narrative that will lure many a reader to wish to repeat his leisurely wanderings. The photographic illustrations are exceptionally attractive and well printed.

MEN, MAIDENS, AND MANTILLAS. By Stella Burke May. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

The author made an extensive tour in Mexico and South America and writes about her experiences in a lively and engaging way. Her sympathetic attitude toward the people she met resulted in many interesting incidents, which are related with unfailing zest and with a keen apprehension of changing conditions in Latin America.

POETRY

CUPS OF ILLUSION. By Henry Bellaman. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

This is a collection of poems, for the most part in the freer forms, which show a lively sensitiveness to color and sound and the subtle movements of the mind. Mr. Bellaman is concerned chiefly with the elusive aspects of the material world and of the world of mood and emotion, and these are treated with vividness, delicacy, clarity, and, sometimes, poignancy. There is, in addition, occasional tropic profusion of imagery, sound, and color which moves the reader by sheer excess of its outpouring upon the senses.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

BIRTH OF PSYCHE (THE). By L. Charles-Baudouin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

EMPEROR NICHOLAS II (THE), AS I KNEW HIM. By Maj.-Gen. Sir John Hanbury-Williams. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

RUSSIA'S WOMEN. By Nina Nikolaevna Selivanova. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

STORY OF THE WALLOONS (THE). By William Elliot Griffis. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $2.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL. By J. W. Wilce. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

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UNDER TWO PRESIDENTS

BY ELEANOR HUBBARD GARST

UP in our attic we have a flag from one President and a bunch of dried roses from a second, and as a family we've always thought their history intensely interesting.

When President McKinley came to Sioux City on a speech-making tour, my father rode in the carriage which carried him to the auditorium. To father's gratification, everything was moving with due ceremony when the procession was broken in upon, and, looking up, to his consternation he saw my brother Lyle, ten years old, very fat and very short, riding up on his enormous single-footing mare, Polly. Together with his round, solemn little face, Lyle had a surprisingly loud and deep voice. Bowing as low as he could and stay balanced on Polly's back, he reached his hand out to the President and boomed out, "Welcome to our city, Mr. President."

"Well, upon my word!" family tradition places the words in the mouth of Mr. McKinley. "Isn't that a pretty big horse for such a small boy? Here's a flag for you to remember me by." He reached up and took a flag from the decorations of the carriage. "I'll not forget *you*."

Lyle took it home. Mother wrapped it up, and it's there marked, "From President McKinley to Lyle."

Some time later, at the end of my father's first year in Congress, the talk was of going home, and I found that the most important part of my whole stay had been neglected. How could I face the girls in Sioux City and admit I'd never got acquainted with President Roosevelt? And so father took me calling. I remember so well the long reception-room, with every chair filled, and, to my self-conscious horror, I the only child there and, worse, the only female of the species in sight. Then came the announcement, "The President," and we all sprang to our feet as Mr. Roosevelt walked rapidly through the room. We just waited a second, and then were told we could go into his office. Father said: "Mr. President, this little girl couldn't stand the ignominy of going back home without ever having seen the President." Mr. Roosevelt laughed, took my hand, and said: "And I wouldn't miss seeing her for anything. Here, my dear," he leaned forward and took from his desk a great bunch of dewy pink roses, "here are some sweet roses for a very sweet little girl." Do you wonder that when later my father was an insurgent, as they were called then, and I heard some talk of the high-handed methods of the President, I always felt, sure as sure, that some way he, my friend, was right?

Is just the brief glimpse I can give

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of Quentin of value to any one but myself, I wonder? I went to the Force School in Washington, and every day a brown, sturdy, and so peppy small boy would jump off his riding horse, take a beautiful bouquet from the man who was riding with him, and run up the steps to school with the flowers for his teacher. It was Quentin, and, though I was two grades ahead of him, I liked him, as did every child there, and we judged him with the stern democracy of childhood. My best friend, Amy, was in his room, and I remember one day the excitement with which she said that Quentin was giving a party that afternoon. He had written on the blackboard, "All the children in this room are invited to a party at my house this afternoon. Quentin Roosevelt." They went, and had a wonderful time, but the true inwardness of the event came later through my mother, who heard that when the first group of children arrived at that democratic household Mrs. Roosevelt cordially greeted them, but as one by one the group expanded until there were thirty-five starchy little boys and girls, she realized that a party was in progress, a surprise party, and the surprise was on her. Marshaling the White House forces of aides-de-camp, secretaries, butler, and chef, party ice-cream and cake were produced and the honor of the house of Roosevelt was saved.

And with even that little remembrance of a friendly husky small boy, some way the young eagle of America fallen in France means something more to me than just a symbol of a nation's glory and grief.

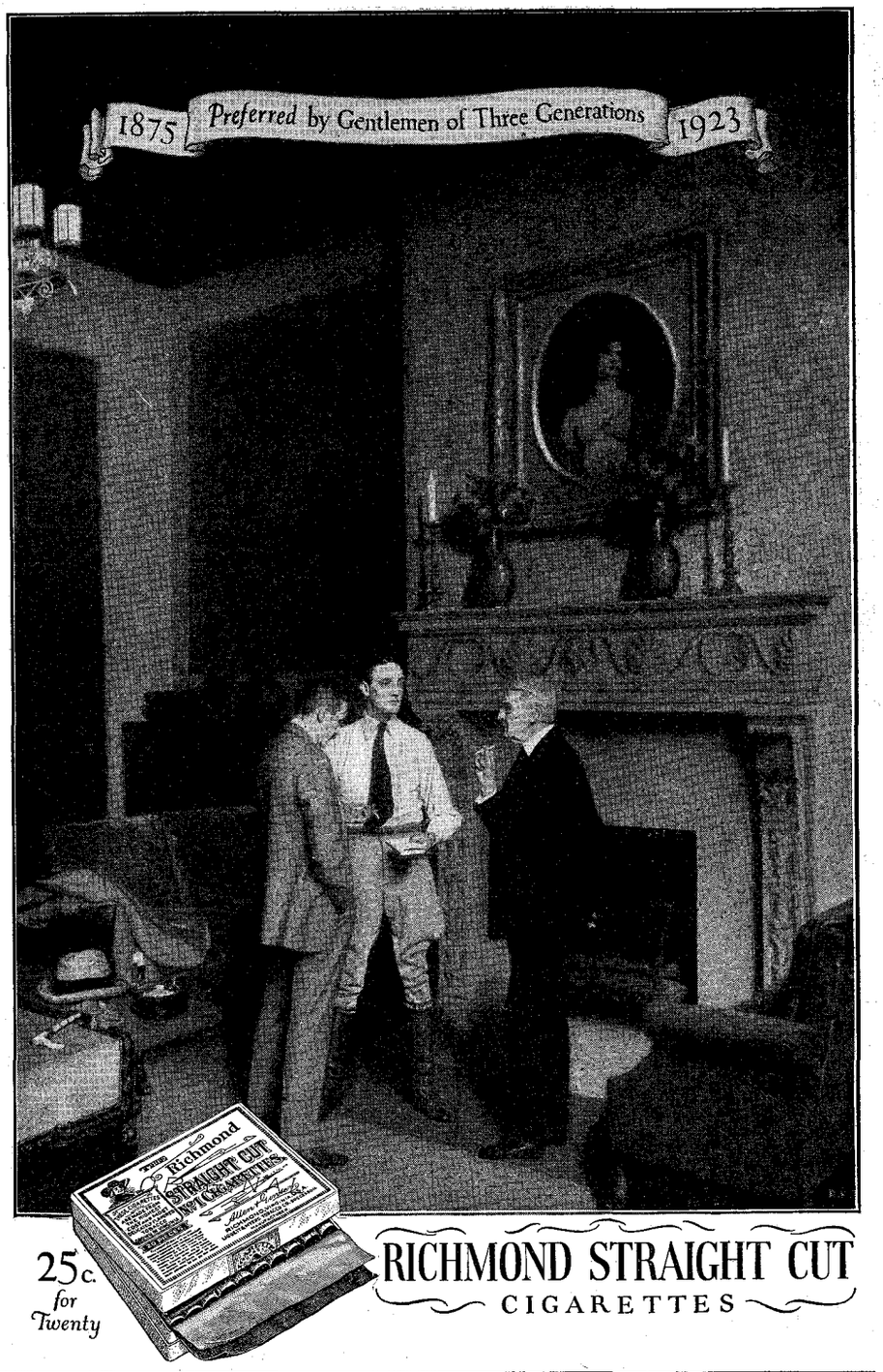
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

BY EVERETT P. WHEELER

THE first duty of the Government is to protect honest, hard-working citizens, both men and women, and thus enable them to go about their business in security. Our penal laws are enacted for this purpose. They have not always been wise. Often they have been too severe. We have amended them and made them reasonable. The question now is—How shall we deal with murderers?

Murder in the first degree is thus defined in New York (Penal Law, Section 1044):

> The killing of a human being, unless it is excusable or justifiable, is murder in the first degree, when committed—
>
> 1. From a deliberate and premeditated design to effect the death of the person killed, or of another; or
>
> 2. By an act imminently dangerous to others, and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, also though without a premeditated design to effect the death of any individual; or without a design to effect death, by a person engaged in the commis-



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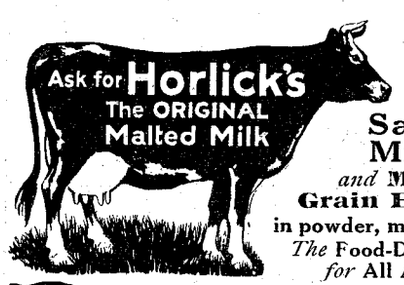

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT (*Continued*)

sion of or in an attempt to commit a felony, either upon or affecting the person killed or otherwise.

3. When by the commission of arson (which is setting fire to a house in which human beings are dwelling) death is caused.

4. Or when by the willful wrecking of a railway train death is caused.

Before a man is convicted of this crime, it is necessary, first, that a grand jury should declare under oath that there is probable cause to believe him guilty, and, second, that he should have a public trial with the right to have counsel and to confront and cross-examine the witnesses against him. He has also the right to testify in his own behalf. The judge must tell the jury that before they render a verdict of guilty they must be satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt of the guilt of the accused, and, finally, upon their oaths, they must so declare by their verdict of guilty.

But this is not all. The accused has the right to appeal to the Court of Appeals. That Court is commanded by statute (Code, Criminal Procedure, 456) to give judgment upon the merits without regard to technical objections. To use the language of the Court in the Buel case (78 N. Y., 492), "The court will look at the substance of the points urged, having in view the promotion of justice."

When the Court of Appeals has affirmed the judgment upon such a trial, what right has any man to say that a person whose guilt has been clearly ascertained is not a criminal? The right way to determine this is to read the decisions of the Court of Appeals in murder cases. These are reported in the series known as New York Reports. Let us refer to a few.

In the Meyer case (162 N. Y., 357) Meyer was robbing a poor box in a church. A policeman tried to arrest him, and he killed the policeman.

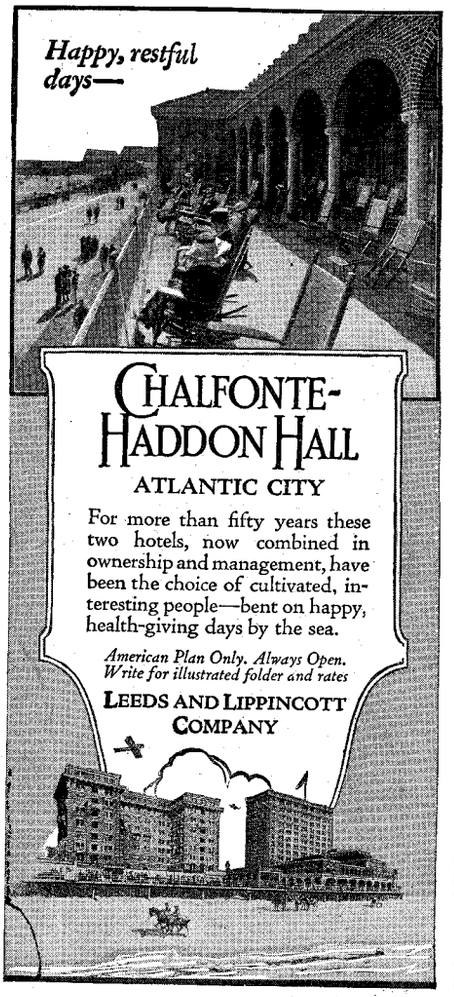
In the Sullivan case (173 N. Y., 122) several men broke into a tool shed on a railway, stole the tools, and used them to break into a post office for the purpose of robbing. They were armed, and one of them killed a policeman trying to arrest them.

In the Buel case (78 N. Y., 492) a man attempted to commit a rape on a girl. She resisted. He put a rope around her neck to stop her resistance and killed her.

All will remember the Becker case, where a policeman hired assassins to kill witnesses whom he feared would testify to crimes committed by himself.

A more recent case was that of Fradiano. He was served with a police court summons, and shot and killed the policeman. He was convicted of murder, May 25, 1922.

What possible security has the State against the repetition of crimes like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these, except to put the criminal to death? When he is dead, he will never murder again. No more innocent victims of his pistol or his knife. The French criminologist was right—"*Que messieurs les assassins commencent.*" When murderers stop murduring, we can abolish capital punishment, and not till then.

Shutting a murderer up in prison does not prevent his murdering. One of the States that restored capital punishment did so because a murderer killed his keeper. He had been sentenced for life. No further punishment could be inflicted.

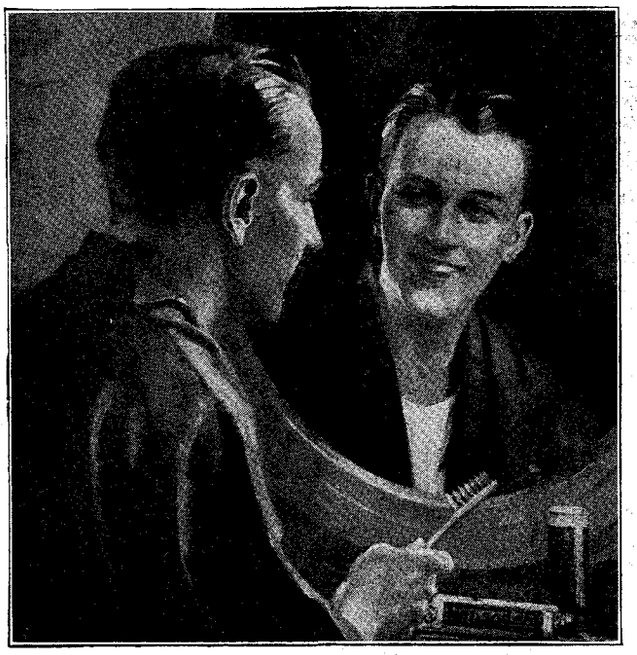
Statistics as to the relative proportion of homicides in States that have capital punishment and those that have not prove nothing, because they ignore the great variety in social conditions and the character of the population in the various States. No doubt in some States this population is more turbulent and lawless than in others.

If the argument were valid, it would be conclusive in favor of capital punishment. In Canada, where that prevails, the proportion of homicides is far less than in the United States, as we will show.

In dealing with this subject, two propositions must be considered as established. One is that the certainty of punishment is much more effective to deter men from the commission of crime than the severity of it. The other is stated by the Special Committee of the American Bar Association on Law Enforcement in its Report for 1922; of this Committee, Governor Whitman is now Chairman. There has been "a continuous, a widening, deepening increase of lawlessness in this country. . . . The criminal situation in the United States, so far as crimes of violence is concerned, is worse than that of any other civilized country. The American temperament adjusts itself to sympathizing with the accused and a corresponding disregard for the rights of the public." The Committee investigated Canada, and found that crimes of violence there are much less frequent than in the United States. In 1921 in Canada there were only 57 murders. Whereas in Cook County alone, which is principally composed of the city of Chicago, with a population of one-third of Canada, there were 212 murders.

The conclusion of the Committee was unanimous: "That the means provided in the United States for coping with crimes and criminals are to-day neither adequate nor efficient."

The Bar Association is endeavoring to promote reforms in these respects. It is discouraging to find prison officials so full of sympathy for the criminals that they forget protection to the public. This temper has more to do with the frequency of crime in this country than any other cause.



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New facts discovered

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Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.

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300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

NEW YORK CITY

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WOMAN having large and very secluded house in Upper Montclair wishes to share it with a few people desiring a real home or would pay especial attention to the care and diet of an invalid. 469, Outlook.

Country Board

Nurse's Private Home—Beautifully situated near Sound. Cultured American family. Large South room. Anyone needing care, or otherwise. Particularly successful nervous cases. Choice table; spacious porches; shaded grounds. 6 doctors' references. 49 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y. Telephone 553 R.

Apartments

QUIET and REFINED WOMAN, wishing to spend the winter in NEW YORK, would like to share modest apartment with one or two women, or secure comfortable room and bath, with or without meals. East Side from Gramercy section to 72d St. References exchanged. Miss MARY BROOKE, Cross River, N. Y.

Health Resorts

Wanted Doctor with **following,** children's specialist, to bring patients to Middle South. Climate mild, healthy, invigorating. Comfortable buildings, well arranged. Good school near. 457, Outlook.

North Manlius, N. Y.

Convalescents who need **home comforts** will find them at **HOMEINNDALE FARM.** Good table; milk, cream, eggs, vegetables. Terms moderate. Train to Syracuse, auto will meet you. Miss SUSIE E. ADAMS, R. D. No. 2, Kirkville N. Y.

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FOR RENT—Furnished Cottage suitable for four, on beautiful Lake North, 9 miles south of Palm Beach. Bath with shower, electricity, garage, private dock, boating, fishing. Short drive to Ocean Beach. Spacious grounds. Rent to May, 1924, $500. Photos sent. M. S. P., Box 16, South Palm Beach, Fla.

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Real Estate

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FOR RENT—Oct.-June, house, completely furnished, steam heated, 10 rooms, sleeping-porch, 4 baths, laundry; garage, tennis court. Address Routh Pines School, Samarkand, N.C.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

SEND TODAY for free sample copy of WRITER'S DIGEST, America's greatest magazine for writers. Filled with practical articles by leading writers. Will help you write and sell stories, photoplays, songs, etc. 688 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

LADIES — Why worry about that next paper for your club? Let Patricia Dix do it. Full information upon request. Reasonable rates. 4,355, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. Miss Richards' Bureau, Box 5, East Side, Providence.

TEACHERS WANTED — Immediate vacancies for college graduates, all departments, colleges and high schools. Special terms. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Bldg., New Orleans, La.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., New York. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, secretaries.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

PRINTED STATIONERY—200 sheets, 100 envelopes, $1.50 on good grade bond paper. Printed in text or Gothic letters or monogram; state which. Workmanship guaranteed. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N.Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MOTHER'S helper wanted. Desire intelligent, refined young woman to assist mother with four children in suburban New York. Attractive home and village surroundings. Require previous experience with children, but not tutoring. 4,345, Outlook.

WANTED — Mother's helper in family where are no servants. Family consists of one child four years, one four months, father, and mother. Lovely home, permanent position, good wages. Please reply 4,362, Outlook, stating age, nationality, and experience.

MOTHER'S helper in family of two adults, one child. Personal references required. 4,361, Outlook.

WANTED, on or before November 1, in minister's family of three adults, working housekeeper who would appreciate good home. Please apply to Mrs. Gorrell Quick, 22 Fairview Ave., Verona, N. J.

WANTED—Superior type Christian woman to assist with housework and care of year old child in home of preparatory school master. Wages moderate. No other servants kept. Only woman really fond of country need apply. Address Mrs. E. H. Adriance, Ridgefield, Conn.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESS, Protestant, for family whose children attend school. Highest references required. Address Mrs. Walter C. Janney, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

WANTED at once—Young, experienced, Protestant teacher-governess for girl 9. Country. Salary sixty-five dollars a month. Send picture and reference to Box 15, Fairville, Chester Co., Pa.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse will care for patient en route to California in exchange for traveling expenses. 4,346, Outlook.

Business Situations

PRIVATE secretarial position desired by young lady, experienced stenographer and typist. References. 4,348, Outlook.

BOOKKEEPER—Woman with executive ability desires position looking after financial affairs of individual or as assistant to treasurer or person holding financial position. Thoroughly experienced and responsible. Excellent references. 4,350, Outlook.

DEPENDABLE, experienced secretary—Vigorous young woman seeks resident or non-resident position. 4,364, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate desires secretarial position. 4,365, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman, highly educated, pleasing personality, world-wide travel experience, would act as companion for winter in California. Expenses only asked. Address 4,305, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture, competent to manage a man's establishment, oversee the upbringing of child, chaperon young girl, etc., desires position in high class home. Associations valued. Credentials furnished. Address S. E., care Mrs. Bullis, 234 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

COMPANION to invalid or elderly person, by middle-aged man exceptionally qualified by temperament and experience. Educated, traveled, capable secretary. Go anywhere. Reasonable compensation. 4,341, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary — Young American woman desires position with gentleman going to Florida or California for the winter. Address 4,354, Outlook.

POSITION wanted—Companion to lady; would travel. Automobile license. Or would take charge of motherless children. References exchanged. Permanent. 4,352, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY woman, having traveled extensively in Europe and Orient, would chaperon young girl to Orient this winter. Highest references. 4,363, Outlook.

COMPANION to elderly lady. Reference permitted to Bishop Hall, of Vermont. 4,360, Outlook.

WIDOW, traveled extensively—Companion, traveling companion, housekeeper, hostess, any position of trust. References exchanged. 4,366, Outlook.

CULTURED woman wishes position companion to lady living alone. Country. 4,368. Outlook.

PRACTICAL NURSE-COMPANION to invalid or, mental case, young or old gentleman. Exceptionally qualified, experienced, middle-aged. No objections to travel. Best of references. Address 4,369, Outlook.

PHYSICIAN'S widow will exchange services (versatile) in a strictly private Southern family for board, room, and traveling expenses. Preferably Georgia or Carolinas. References. 4,370, Outlook.

A woman of mature years and experience with young people will accept a position as matron in a college hall for girls, or will assist an invalid living in the country in the care of her home. 4,371, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

FRENCH native teacher; experienced; private, class. Mme. Dewey, 18 East 88th St., New York. Lenox 0721.

GOVERNESS — Swiss, French, German, English, wishes position. Best references. Write M., 237 W. 24th St., New York.

TUTORING or typewriting. Virginia Carter, Tampa, Fla.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell *The Outlook each week. No investment necessary.* Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

LECTURES ON ART—Illustrated with stereopticon slides, available for clubs, schools and study courses. Prepared by experts. Require only good reader, lantern and operator. May not be used for financial profit. Fee $5, plus transportation. Exhibitions of pictures also available. Fee $10 to $200. Address The American Federation of Arts, 1741 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Bright, interesting little girl to bring up, between 8 and 10 years. Orphan preferred. Mrs. Babcock, 136 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.

OPPORTUNITY for parents desiring country home for children under 5. Special educational training given. $25 per week. Limited to three. M. Macomber, Hopkinton, Mass.

BY THE WAY

A BUILDING that is a hundred years old seems a curiosity in New York City's business section. But in the old-fashioned streets apart from the more prosperous sections there are many such buildings. One of them is mentioned in the "Gas Log," a house organ. This is No. 28½ Bowery, an old building with gable roof and dormer windows, in which for over a century a well-known firm of watchmakers has been housed. In reminiscence of the old days, the present proprietor of the store says: "The Bowery was once considered the most important business thoroughfare of New York, and scores of high-class jewelry stores were established here. At that time the best people lived on Pell, Doyer, Henry, East Broadway, Market, and Monroe Streets. In later years, when business moved to Broadway and Fifth Avenue, we refused, as we do still, to vacate the place where our business was founded over a hundred years ago."

The old firm of watchmakers spoken of above is so well regarded by its customers that it is now in a position regretfully to turn away repair work wanted by new customers, as its quarters for workmen are limited. The streets mentioned above are now inhabited by Chinese, Russians, and Italians, while just opposite the store an outdoor "old clothes market" arouses the interest of the wayfarer.

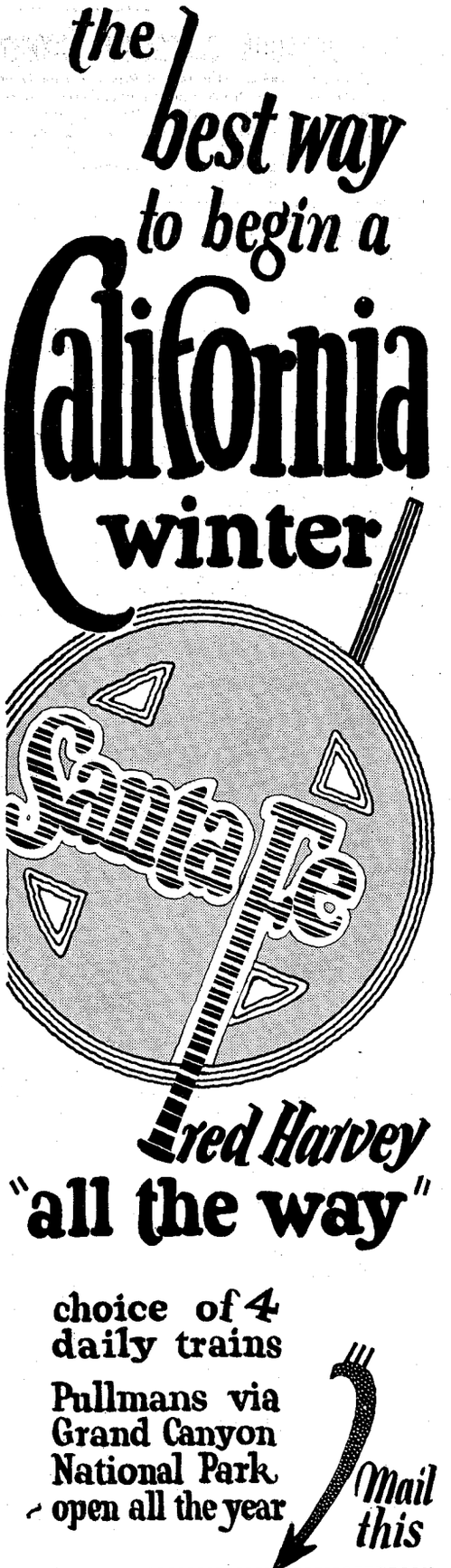
"Health Training in Schools," published by the National Tuberculosis Association, has many rhymes that are recommended for use in classes. Here are two samples, one ancient, one modern. This from Horace:

Happy the man, and he alone,
Who, master of himself, can say,
This day, at least, hath been mine own,
For I have cleanly lived to-day.

This from a modern educator:

Little Bo Peep has lost her teeth,
And this is the tale about them:
Had she brushed them each day,
As the Health Chores say,
She needn't have lived without them.

A so-called automaton, the Turkish chess-player, is described in an English magazine as having produced an unparalleled sensation in the early part of the last century. It represented a Turk of natural size, dressed in the national costume, and seated behind a box resembling a chest of drawers. Before the game began, various compartments in the chest were opened, revealing pulleys, springs, etc. The figure's arm moved the chessmen, and nods of its head indicated when the king of its antagonist was in check. Napoleon I, among other famous men, is said to have



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OUT of the East have come the most picturesque personalities of all the world. What European diplomat ever equalled for front-page newspaper copy old Wu Ting-fang, shrewd, witty beyond compare, or the famous Li Hung-chang. Now, with Japan brought so close to us, we have a special interest in that unique diplomat at Washington — the celebrated "Hani" of Japan.

Hanihara takes his place in the front row of great Orientals. To know "Hani"—picture old feudal Japan. Ancient castles, great lords with power of life or death, temples, Shoguns, ceremony! Then picture America—the *bon vivant* circle of gay diplomatic Washington, golf and the nineteenth hole, exactions of a business executive, our free and easy customs. "Hani" has the blood tradition of a samurai. But he's an American of Americans! He talks our talk and loves our ways! When you face "Hani" you see a roly-poly oriental, a very Billiken of ingenuousness and mirth. In five minutes you will have qualified your first impression—the Billiken has become a Buddha. The squat figure has acquired a palpable dignity—you are in the presence of a specialist everlastingly on his job. He spells Japan to America and America to Japan! How has he done it? Read George Marvin's story of Hanihara in the November ASIA.

Visit the Lands of Mystery

Behind Hanihara's Americanism you can feel all the charm of the mystic centuries of quaint tradition, enchantingly different from our own hum-drum daily life. So every page of ASIA lifts you out into lands and life, magic as a dream. Behind the terrible tragedy of the Japanese earthquake you will find in the November ASIA all the entrancing charm of the Japan that was. The great Buddha at Kamakura in its former inscrutable majesty, now fallen to the ground! The festival beauty of cherry blossom time in Yokohama—strange contrast with today! The gnome-like figures of the women, driving piles for the new houses to replace the old. All through the pages of ASIA you will find the essence of the spirit of Japan that has again won the admiration of the world. ASIA brings you the thrill of the unknown. Asia marshalls before you every month a veritable Arabian Nights Entertainment.

Take the November issue for example. Down among the Isles of Tortoises you will go with William Beebe, famous nature raconteur. He tells you of the Isles where buccaneers landed Robinson Crusoe. Next in the November ASIA Merian Cooper wafts you back into Medieval Feudalism—into audience before the Empress of Abyssinia! An empress surrounded by her barons dressed in lions' manes, rich trappings—gold and velvets—but bare of feet.

Then ASIA carries you to far-off Indo-China—land of greatness a thousand years ago when the Khmer Kings held magnificent court. Gertrude Emerson, alone in a tiny sampan with four Cambodian rowers, takes you on the way to Angkor. Across the sands of mystic Mongolia, you will chase antelope with Roy Andrews. You will penetrate the bandit caves of China. And this is just a hint of ASIA'S contents.

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BY THE WAY (*Continued*)

played against the Turk. The Emperor made a false move; the automaton shook its head; he did the same thing a second time, but on his third unfair attempt to best the machine the Turk swept the pieces from the board and refused to continue the game. A celebrated French chess-player is said to have been concealed in the automaton and to have directed its movements.

From the "Open Road:"

He was unaware of the eccentricities to be found in the Wild West when he entered what seemed to be the only hotel in the place. After ushering him to a table and giving the stranger a glass of ice-water, the waiter inquired: "Will you have sausages on toast?" "No, I never eat 'em," the guest replied. "In that case," said the waiter, "dinner is over."

"Suddenly he quoted a paragraph," remarks the writer of the "Gossip Shop" in "The Bookman." "'Alas,' said we," the writer goes on, "'what is that—Ethel M. Dell?' 'No,' said he; 'listen to it again!'"

> The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted: living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

"'Alas,' said we, 'it must be Gene Stratton-Porter.'

"'It's the closing paragraph of the final chapter of that famous novel, "The Mill on the Floss," said he.'"

"The French do not baptize their streets," a contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly" remarks, "with regard to the length of time it will take to spell the name over the telephone or to write it on an envelope. The Street of Our Lady of the Fields, the Street of the Market of St.-Honoré, the Street of the Halberd, the Street of the Dancing Goat, the Street of the Jumping Dog, the Street of the Trapped Cats. Here is prayer, and humor, and romance, and history. You cannot hurry down those streets; you must stroll along them slowly, swinging your cane, looking at life and savoring it. There is a street in Orléans which could have been named only by a people who through generations have looked at life slowly and steadily and seen it whole. La rue des Pensées, the Street of Thoughts; it is perhaps the perfect symbol of the art of sitting down."

From "Punch:"

At the picnic, small girl finishes her strawberries and cream by licking the plate.—Mother—"Marjorie! What manners! Who ever have you seen doing that?" Marjorie—"Dogs."

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